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AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—The Prohibition agitation continued more active than ever. The appearance of John J. Raskob before the Senate Lobby Committee brought out the fact that he had donated \$64,500 in three

Prohibition years to the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. Prominent Democrats, including Senator Simmons and ex-Secretary Daniels, called for the resignation of Mr. Raskob from his post as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, on the ground that part of this money was being spent to defeat Democratic candidates for Congress. The attack on Mr. Raskob was an evident reprisal for the attacks on Chairman Huston of the Republican National Committee for his activities as a power lobbyist. In the Senate, Mr. Brookhart accused Secretary Mellon of campaigning against Prohibition and he asserted that there was better enforcement under President Wilson than now. Mr. Brookhart was heatedly answered by other "drys" who declared that Secretary Mellon is in favor of Prohibition. At a later hearing of the Senate Lobby Committee, Representative Tinkham delivered a carefully documented attack on the Methodist Church and the Federal Council of Churches, declaring that those bodies had set

aside the principle of the separation of Church and State and that the Methodist Board had violated the Corrupt Practices Act because it failed to report money spent for political purposes. The *Literary Digest* poll on Prohibition continued to show a majority of about 2½ to one in favor of modification or repeal over enforcement. This showed a higher percentage against Prohibition than the last poll taken by the same magazine in 1922.

A primary election with national significance was held in Illinois on April 8, for the Republican nomination for Senator. The principal candidates were the present incumbent, Senator Deneen, and Representative Ruth Hanna McCormick. The outstanding issue of the campaign was the World Court, opposed by Mrs. McCormick, who won; local machine politics played a large part in the result. Former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis was nominated by the Democrats. The Republican result was taken to show a middle-western opposition to the Root proposals for American entrance into the World Court. The election, however, will be fought on a Prohibition issue, since Mr. Lewis is a "wet," and also against the World Court; while Mrs. McCormick will run on a "dry" platform. If she is elected, she will be the first woman Senator in our history, with the exception of Mrs. Rebecca Felton, of Georgia, who was given a complimentary one-day term.

Argentina.—Complete results of the March elections show that in the Chamber of Deputies the Irigoyenistas increased their representation from 87 to 100 seats out of a total membership of 158. In consequence the new Chamber will have 100 Irigoyenistas, 26 Conservatives, 17 Socialists, 11 anti-Irigoyen Radicals and 3 Democrats. The election also indicated that the President was losing the popularity he enjoyed in his own party. A significant feature of the returns was the recovery of the Conservative party, composed largely of wealthy landowners.

Australia.—The Labor Government put into force on April 4 the new customs schedule, declared to be "the highest tariff barrier in the world." It was admitted to be an emergency measure, designed to restore the balance of trade in Australia and to stimulate home production. The new tariff covered four main classes of prohibition and restriction: first, complete prohibition of about eighty kinds of goods, such as fruits, farm implements and luxuries; second, restriction of other goods, through rationing them to fifty per cent of last year's imports; third, an in-

Election
Returns

New Tariff
Schedules

crease of fifty per cent surcharge on goods that were impossible to ration, such as matches, polishes, paints, manufactured leather goods, etc.; fourth, rationing and heavy surcharge. Economists in Australia feared that the effects of the new schedules would be unsettling. Confidence was engendered, however, by the immediate action of the Government in putting through measures that would prevent profiteering. In Great Britain, the Australian tariff was regarded as a direct blow to the campaign for Free Trade within the Empire. It was felt that the Imperial Preference, a rebate of about twelve per cent on British goods, would not be of much avail against the prohibitions and surcharges now made. The trade of the United States with Australia, it was stated, would be seriously affected. In 1929, Australia imported American goods to the amount of \$150,000,000, whereas the exports to the United States were about \$32,000,000. The imports, in the order of importance, were automobiles and accessories, mineral oils, electrical equipment, tobacco, iron and steel. All of these have been affected greatly by the new schedules. E. G. Theodore, Australian Secretary of the Treasury, stated that there had been no thought of discriminatory measures against any country.

Austria.—Government newspapers announced that Chancellor Schober during his recent visit to Rome had discussed with Premier Mussolini the advantages of substituting the militia system in Austria as a substitute for the small professional army now permitted by the treaty of St. Germain. The necessity for disbanding the present paid army was emphasized in recent speeches by political leaders not only as a form of economic relief but also as a possible way of ending the present system of private armies of the Left and Right and thus disbanding the Heimwehr and the Schutzbund. It was stated that Herr Schober would discuss the possibility of such a change during his forthcoming visits to London and Paris. The principal obstacle to the realization of the Chancellor's hopes was the probability of similar applications from Hungary and Bulgaria which would lead, perhaps, to too much tampering with the peace treaties to satisfy France and the Little Entente nations.

China.—While press dispatches indicated that a new revolution was brewing, the Government continued to hold its apparent strength, and statements from President Chiang Kai-shek and other Nanking officials insisted that if a clash with the rebels came Federal troops would easily prove themselves superior. Meanwhile, banditry continued very active, marauders looting and burning many villages in the Kiangsu and adjoining provinces. The long-continued famine had not abated any, and Communist and Red agitators also occasioned disturbances in various centers. American missionaries continued to be imperiled by the Red bandits, but no actual attacks occurred.

Colombia.—The political situation was unsettled, with renewed rumors that President Mendez would resign, fol-

lowing the Cabinet crisis provoked by the failure of the Government to call a special session of Congress and the improbable adoption of legislation presumably advocated by ex-Minister of Finance Dr. Francesco Perez, that is, the repeal of the anti-alcoholic law, the reduction of civil service salaries, the increase of taxes, and provision for new taxes. For the purpose of permitting the formation of a new Cabinet, if necessary, the resignations of all the Ministers were in the President's hands. There was a strong impression that a coalition Ministry from the Liberal party and the Valencia and Vasquez factions of the Conservative party might be made up.

Czechoslovakia.—The Court of Appeals, sitting at Bratislava, confirmed on April 9 the sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment imposed last year on Prof. Voytech Tuka, the Slovak scholar, and a leader in the movement for Slovak autonomy based on the Pittsburgh agreement. Professor Tuka had been sentenced for alleged treason and espionage in the cause of Hungary, and for conspiring for revolt with his *Rodobrana*, the Slovak Fascist organization. The doubtful character of evidence brought against Dr. Tuka had led to the hope of his pardon, or at least to a relaxation of the sentence.

France.—The Tariff Commission of the Chamber on April 8 finally sent to the Deputies a new bill raising the duties on automobiles and parts, which was described as a purely protective measure for French industry. The new proposal would increase the tariff on cars on the average about twenty-five per cent, making it equivalent to a total ad valorem rate of from fifty-five to sixty per cent, though the new scale would reckon the rates by weight and not by price. Manufacturers who assemble their cars in France would be favored by the new measure, as the proposed rate on parts is much lower than on finished cars.

The French Colonial Institute adopted on April 7 a resolution calling on the Government to sever relations with the Soviets, who, they charged, were responsible for Communist propaganda in French colonies and, in particular, for a recent insurrection in Indo-China. Several of the Paris dailies continued to carry editorials to the same effect, based on the kidnaping of General Koutiepoiff, and on charges that the Soviet Embassy was being used for Communist propaganda purposes.

Germany.—Chancellor Bruening's conservative bourgeois minority Cabinet won the Reichstag sufferance when a motion of no confidence, introduced by the Socialists, was defeated by a vote of 253 to 187. At least fifteen prominent members of the Socialist deputation absented themselves from the session during the vote on their party's motion. The Government's victory was assured, however, only through the defeat of Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, Nationalist leader, who claimed that he was deserted by his

Cabinet
Troubles

Tuka Sentence
Reaffirmed

Militia
System

Tariff

Anti-Soviet
Sentiment

Local
Disorders

Cabinet
Approved

own party only because it did not wish to interfere with the Cabinet's proposed agrarian relief measures and to aid the stricken East Prussian provinces. It was stated that Dr. Bruening held a decree of dissolution for the Reichstag, duly certified by President von Hindenburg, which he had intended to use if the Reichstag had failed to return a vote of confidence in the new Government. The same weapon was held in reserve when the leaders of the Government parties were told that the Cabinet would insist upon ratification of its entire program by the Reichstag and would oppose any effort to single out certain measures. Although many points of difference are mooted between the present six-party coalition, the issue on which uniformity was expected proved to be a threat of separation. For although all parties had agreed on agrarian relief measures, a deadlock was reached when a discussion progressed to ways and means of financing these measures. In face of opposition from the Bavarian People's party and protest from the Economic party, it was proposed to derive funds for agrarian relief by raising the tax on beer by seventy-five per cent. This threat may have had some bearing on the action of the Reichstag in passing a bill calling for restrictions on the sale of liquor. The new law permits the sale of home brewed wines four months in the year without a license and provides a nationwide closing hour of 1 A. M., with exceptions for large cities.

Haiti.—The Forbes Commission, named by President Hoover to investigate a new policy of the United States, submitted a report which was promptly approved by the President. The American occupation was severely criticized for its failure to understand the social problems of Haiti, and its attempt to plant democracy there by force and to create an artificial middle class. The use of officers from the navy and marine corps for short terms on the civil services of the Republic was also criticized. Several recommendations were made; for instance, to secure a force of American doctors, engineers and police officers, appropriation for roads by the Haitian Government, reduction of customs duties, the employment of one American adviser in each administrative department, an appropriation to pay American civil officers working for Haiti, and the recognition of the prospect of a United States Minister to succeed the High Commissioner. Several "sequent steps" were detailed, principal among them being the abolition of the office of High Commissioner and the early Haitianization of all services. A section of the report dealt with the description of the physical condition of the Church in Haiti.

India.—Mahatma Gandhi's much-heralded march of 200 miles to the Gulf of Cambay, for the purpose of instituting his active campaign of civil disobedience by manufacturing salt, ended in disappointment. Accompanied by his volunteers and in the presence of a great number of onlookers, he went through the actions of a technical breach of the law which upholds a monopoly on the collection and manufacture of salt from the sea. The maxi-

mum penalty for violating the law is six months' imprisonment. The Administration refused to take up the challenge and ignored Gandhi. But more than fifty of his supporters were arrested at Dandhi, where he made his demonstration, and other neighboring places. Some of these, including the Mahatma's son, were given sentences of various lengths. Since Mr. Gandhi could not provoke police action on himself, he abandoned his program of violation of the salt laws, and started on a tour of seditious speech making. Meanwhile the Nationalists continued their agitation through other sections of India, notably in campaigning against foreign cloth and in inciting railway workers to strike.

Ireland.—In view of the fact that the Northern Government stated its intention to frame an amendment to the Education Act of 1923, the Bishops of the Six-County area issued a statement setting forth the Catholic demands for justice. Their action was made necessary, also, because the Government had given a promise to the Protestant sects that their grievances would be adjusted, but it had offered no intimation of considering the Catholic claims. After establishing the general principles of the Catholic attitude towards religious education of the young, the Bishops declared:

This is a matter not of religion but of elementary justice. For as Catholics are compelled to bear their proportionate share of the burdens of the State, they are clearly entitled to share equally with all others in the benefits of the State. Hence, as long as Catholic schools are giving efficiently the public education which the State has a right to demand, they are entitled to share equally with all other schools in all public grants for education.

This right to share equally with others, the Bishops stated, was recognized by the British Government before the establishment of the northeastern area. Though that system was not wholly acceptable in theory, it worked satisfactorily in practice. The new system established in the Six Counties, they continued, tended to the secularization of the schools. The proposed amendment to the Education Act would not only give an unfair preference to Protestant schools but would aggravate "beyond measure the injustice inflicted on those professing the Catholic religion."

Paraguay.—On April 2 the new Congress met and President Guggiari read his Presidential message. It dealt in great part with the national relations with Bolivia, and while the President protested that Paraguay was ready to submit the entire Chaco dispute to arbitration, he expressed the fear that the Bolivians would not cooperate. "The situation," he said, "I described a year ago is unchanged despite the work of the Commission of neutrals at Washington." He added: "Without trying to detract from the importance of the conciliatory efforts of the Commission, honesty demands the confession that the causes of the recent conflict have not been removed, every-one of the disturbing factors being still unmitigated." Apart from the Bolivian question, the President reported that there were no other important national issues.

Russia.—Sweeping changes in the Soviet credit system came into force at the beginning of April. Bills of exchange were abolished and other forms of credit transaction between the State trusts and commercial organizations. Henceforth all business must be done in cash or with its equivalent in credit obtained from the State bank only. All State organizations must have a current account with the State bank to give them credit as required in exact accordance with their annual allotment fixed by the State plan. Currency circulation was given as 2,750,000,000 rubles, against a metal reserve of 400,000,000 rubles.

Spain.—The ban on political meetings, imposed after the disorders that followed the Sanchez Guerra speech at the end of February, was lifted early in April. The first meeting that followed was held by the Socialists in Madrid in April 6, the fifth anniversary of the death of Pablo Iglesias, a former leader of Spanish Socialists. Speakers on the occasion declared themselves in favor of a socialistic republic, and urged their hearers not to cooperate with advocates of any other republican regime. The Government afforded police protection for the meeting and for the parade which followed it, and arranged the postponement of another meeting, originally scheduled for the same day, to avoid the possibility of a clash.—Plans were discussed in the Cabinet on April 8 for holding Parliamentary elections towards the close of the year. No definite dates were set.—Amnesty recently granted to political prisoners was reported extended to Catalan separatists.

Sweden.—On April 4, at the age of sixty-eight, Queen Victoria, long an invalid, died in Rome. King Gustaf V and her youngest son, Prince Wilhelm, were with the Queen when the end came. While Her Majesty's passing was not unlooked for, it was deeply regretted both at home, where she was universally beloved, and abroad, and messages of condolence poured into Stockholm from all over the world, including one from President Hoover. After brief funeral services in Rome, the body was taken to Sweden for interment. Queen Victoria was the daughter of Grand Duke Frederick of Baden and ascended the throne with her husband on December 8, 1907.

League of Nations.—Progress in the conference for the codification of international law, meeting at The Hague was hindered by obstacles in two of the three planned conventions: namely, the second committee, on territorial waters; and the third committee, on the responsibility of the State for aliens. Despite, however, the divergence of views revealed as to the question of territorial waters, the second committee believed that the Council of the League should continue to invite further discussion. Lobbying by American women, within the precincts of the Peace Palace, with regard to the nationality convention dealt with by the first committee, was resisted by Dr. Heemskerk, president of the conference.

Disarmament.—On April 10 Premier MacDonald announced in the British House of Commons that that forenoon "an agreement was finally reached between the United States, Japan and Great Britain on naval armaments, including all categories of ships. The terms of the agreement were now being drafted, but they followed very closely the figures announced last September and October." It was thought that the proposed treaty, besides the special agreement of the three Powers, would contain certain points reached in common by the five, such as: agreement on submarines, limitation of aircraft carriers, global tonnage, etc.; also a declaration by France and Italy that they would continue negotiations. Such a treaty, it was estimated, would mean for the United States:

Battleships (three scrapped).....	455,000 tons
Cruisers	327,000 "
Destroyers	150,000 "
Submarines	53,000 "
Aircraft Carriers	135,000 "
Total	1,120,000 "

The British fleet (now 1,202,000 tons) will be cut about 50,000. The Japanese fleet (now 772,000 tons) will be cut about 40,000. The general reduction will be not more than 150,000 tons, or five per cent. Of the proposed American cruiser total of 327,000 tons, 180,000 would be in ten-thousand ton cruisers, 71,000 tons in the Omaha type, leaving 76,000 tons of smaller cruisers to be built.

Two vital points, however, remained yet to be decided: (1) whether the agreement to build no more capital ships till 1936 would apply also to France and Italy; and (2) whether there should be a clause safeguarding the British against extra building on the part of France and Italy. Taken as it stands, the three-Power agreement, while still leaving the United States an almost \$1,000,000,000 building program in order to attain parity with Great Britain, saved almost as much as that amount again by limitation; while, as Congressman French pointed out, it placed a total of 250,000 tons below what was unsuccessfully aimed at in Geneva in 1927.

The series on Humanism will be interrupted next week to allow Elizabeth Jordan to tell about more Spring plays. Robert Parsons' article on the shortcomings of the Humanist movement will follow in due order.

Attention is called to the series now running on Catholic professional schools. Next week's paper will be "The Catholic Dental School," by J. E. O'Donohue, Regent of the Loyola (New Orleans) University Dental School.

G. K. Chesterton will have some interesting things to say on "Science and the Penitent Thief."

Marie Van Vorst will write "The Serene Body," a story of St. Mary Magdalen de' Pazzi.

Philip Burke will narrate "The Tale of a Farm-house."

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WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFARGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. DOYLE
Associate Editors

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, Business Manager

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Our Unregistered Endowments

IN an exceedingly interesting paper, Joseph F. Keany tells of the joys and sorrows of the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Brooklyn which celebrates this year its one-hundredth anniversary. In the records of the Old World a century does not loom large, but we of the New World are apt to assume all the airs of antiquity when one of our institutions can number one hundred years.

Brooklyn, as all the world knows, has an ancient and honorable history. Politically, it is a Borough of the City of New York, but no true son or daughter of Brooklyn will consider himself merely a citizen of this new creation. His own is a nobler title. It reaches back to a time when Brooklyn was known as a city of churches and homes, and New York as the place where the Bowery was. Crossing the bridge, he is a patrician in exile among plebeians.

But in Brooklyn, as in New York and throughout Christendom, there is a common agency at work which makes all equal, and that is the Church in her works of charity. In one hundred years the Asylum in Brooklyn has cared for the temporal and spiritual needs of more than 42,000 boys and girls, teaching them to be good Catholics and, by necessary consequence, good citizens. Its receipts in the first year of its existence were \$161.05, but in the years that followed generous Catholics, notably Cornelius Heeney and Bernard Earle, came to its aid. "While it is true that these sources of revenue bulk large," writes Mr. Keany, "it is equally true that without the contribution in consecrated service made by the Sisterhoods this Society would long since have ceased to function."

We wonder if what Mr. Keany writes could not be predicated with essential truth of the vast majority of our Catholic institutions? All begin with the capital of a few dollars and an unbounded trust in God. As time goes on, benefactors arise, and the work progresses. A log cabin turns into a university, a hovel into a huge hospital, a few rooms into a stately home, embowered in a park,

for dependent children. In practically every case, the addition may be written that, humanly speaking, none of these works could have been long maintained "without the contribution in consecrated service" of some Religious community. Its value cannot be adequately assessed in terms of dollars and cents. Not only do these Religious perform a service which would otherwise remain undone, but they give to our young people, and to the world, a noble example of self-sacrifice, shining like a star against the dark background of modern self-seeking.

The very fact that Sisters and priests consecrated to works of charity and education constitute an endowment beyond price, shows the importance of cultivating youthful vocations. It is our opinion, controverted, however, by competent critics, that vocations to the Religious life are fewer, in proportion to the number of high-school and college pupils, than they were a quarter of a century ago. Whatever the truth may be, all agree that vocations are far too few for the work now actually conducted. The teaching communities were long since forced to call upon lay administrators for offices once peculiarly their own, and a similar policy is gaining ground in communities intended for charitable and social work.

No doubt, these lay assistants do their work excellently well, but the difficulty lies in paying them a living wage. Religious, on the other hand, not only work well, but constitute an unregistered endowment for their institutions. All who have the interests of God and the Church at heart will leave nothing undone to increase the number of vocations among our young people. Upon these vocations depends, in a measure larger than we can estimate, the future welfare of our educational and charitable institutions.

A Remedy for Homicide

IN his annual article for the *Spectator* on the homicide rate, Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman refers to "the growing insecurity of human life" in this country. He thinks that of all "the problems, social and economic, facing the nation, none is of greater importance" than that of making murder more unpopular.

There are so many "problems" in this country that he would be a bold man indeed who would blazon any one as the most important. Still, since life is our greatest natural possession, it would follow that the removal of evils which subject it to sudden extinction is a matter of keen interest to all. The large number of homicides, writes Dr. Hoffman, "touches the security of every citizen, high or low."

While Dr. Hoffman does not argue directly for the abolition of the death penalty, what he writes will give aid and comfort to all who do. "I have become absolutely convinced that the death penalty is not a deterrent." We wish we knew the evidence on which Dr. Hoffman bases this absolute conviction. Were even every other murder speedily followed by the death penalty, we should be able to discuss intelligently its value as a deterrent. But every other murder is not followed by this penalty, either speedily or slowly. In fact, most murders are followed by no

penalty at all. Perhaps by "death penalty" Dr. Hoffman means one hanging for every 1,000 murders. In that case, we can agree that as a deterrent it is worthless. No remedy, kept in the bottle, will cure.

The Alumni Federation Convention

WITH the warning of à Kempis in our ears against making comparisons between the Saints, perhaps it is not well to rate on a definite scale the importance of the many activities, clerical, lay and mixed, in which Catholics in the United States are engaged. But one fact stands out clearly, and it is that to overrate the importance of Catholic higher education is well-nigh impossible.

The demand today is for Catholic leaders in every sphere of thought and action. Following the call of the present Pontiff and his two immediate predecessors, Catholics here and abroad have taken steps to perfect existing organizations, and, when necessary, to found new groups. The Church and the State need men and women who can discern the signs of the times, and who can appreciate at its true value the force of the agencies now arrayed against every principle upon which civilization, as we have understood it for centuries, is based. These agencies are at work stirring up discord in the relations between capital and labor. They have invaded the family to introduce a base concept of marriage and the home, which is reflected in the growth of legalized divorce, and of unhallowed methods of interfering with the law of man's very nature. But most of all, perhaps, the effect of these agencies has been felt in education. Not only is all public education in the United States wholly secular, indifferent and hostile to religion, by turns, but even some Catholics have been weakened in their allegiance to the one philosophy of education which has the approval of the Church.

More keen-eyed than the defenders of Christian civilization, our enemies have aligned their forces behind the ramparts of the college and the university. So firmly are they entrenched today that, if the Catholic and a few other institutions be excepted, the typical American college is an institution which has a welcome for professors whose theories, brought to their logical conclusion, are completely opposed, not only to the teachings of Christianity, but to the root principles of just and reasonable civil government.

If we Catholics hope to meet these adversaries on equal ground, we must turn our attention to our own institutions of higher learning. Five years ago a group of Catholic college alumni met in New York, and under the leadership of Edward S. Dore and his associates, adopted a Constitution for the National Catholic Alumni Federation. The dominant purpose of the Federation "is to further through the action of college men, united in one national federation, the educational and intellectual ideals for the attainment of which our Catholic colleges are founded; to create a moral, intellectual, and religious force through such national organization; to uphold and advance the ideals of higher Catholic education; and to

afford incidental opportunity from time to time, through local units or chapters, for social activities in common." Conventions have been held biennially since November, 1925, at which delegates from Catholic colleges in every part of the country have been in attendance.

The ideals of the Federation are high. If it be asked what has been done to reduce these ideals to actuality, the reply must be that their complete realization within so brief a period is an impossibility. The Federation began with small numbers, but each year has shown an encouraging growth. It has brought together groups of educated Catholics, and has contributed to the creation of a sense of Catholic solidarity in Catholic college education. It has opened to their vision new fields in which the welfare of the Catholic college can be promoted, and has indicated the means which will insure success.

In our judgment, by its work of its first five years the National Catholic Alumni Federation has amply justified its existence, and has given a guarantee of increased usefulness in the future. We greet the delegates who will convene at Washington on April 25, and bid them Godspeed. They are engaged upon a work of tremendous interest to the Church, but the Catholic training which they have received will equip them for the task.

Mr. Hearst on the American School

EVERY now and then a Hearst syndicate writer breaks out with public-school measles, and the rash is plainly discernible wherever a Hearst newspaper disfigures the scene. The latest outbreak was on April 6, when a cartoon by Winsor McCay with some letterpress by an unknown genius filled an entire page of the Hearst Sunday supplement. The unknown genius is said to be Arthur Brisbane. For this we do not vouch, but only remark that in shallowness of philosophy and airy disregard of pertinent fact, the letterpress in question strongly recalls the editorials signed by that gentleman.

The purport of the page is to show that the only school fit for an American boy or girl is the public school. "Send your children to the public schools, or you send them where their chance is cut in half," we are advised. "There is only one really American schoolroom, that is the PUBLIC schoolroom. There is only one typically American school, and that is the American PUBLIC SCHOOL."

On reading this balderdash, one begins to count up, if not typical American schools which are numerous and varied, typical American pioneers and citizens. To judge a school by its product is to apply a legitimate test. At the very outset, there is Washington, along with Patrick Henry, George Mason, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton, not one of whom ever saw, or even heard of, a public school. They were fairly good Americans, nor were their chances cut in half by their exclusion from the benefits of the public school. Indeed, Hamilton not only had not attended a public school, but had been born in a foreign country. If it be offered in excuse that there was no public school in those days—which is true

—it follows that the men to whom, under God, this Republic owes its existence, were trained at home and in private schools.

Coming down the decades, we reach Lincoln, whose name may fittingly be joined with that of Washington, and Lee and Davis, with Edward Douglass White, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson—but why catalogue the long roll of youths who, though bred in private schools, attained eminence as Americans? It would appear that the men who won our political freedom, and the two who fought from 1861 to 1865 to preserve it in what they severally thought its pristine purity, Lincoln and Davis, did not come from what Mr. Hearst tells us is the only truly American school.

Mr. Hearst's real predilection is the goose-step school; for the American doctrine, affirmed by the Supreme Court in the Oregon case, he has no stomach. That is the gauge of his ability to prescribe for us what makes a real American school, and what does not.

The Sword of the Law

THERE can be doubt that the securest guarantee of morally good pictures and plays is a censorship which the producers impose upon themselves, as is said elsewhere in this issue. Censorship at the point of a gun insures results only as long as the gun is pointed, and in this country, at least, the authorities soon grow weary. The secular arm relaxes, and the terrified producers are again at liberty.

Self-imposed censorship, however, is a censorship that never relaxes. Whether it be brought about by fear of decreasing box-office receipts, or of a term in jail, or by an awakened conscience, the happy result is the same. Good pictures will be made, and wholesome plays will be staged. Hence the plea of this Review has always been for the self-imposed, automatic, censorship. When it is brought into existence, most of our troubles in this respect will cease.

Naturally, until it begins to function, the law should be wide awake to punish infractions. Aristotle somewhere says that when every citizen determines to rule himself according to the dictates of reason, we shall have a well-governed community. But he adds that since, morally speaking, there will always be at least a few who will decline to accept the rule by reason, the State must have at hand the sword of the law to discipline them.

A case recently brought to an end in New York shows with what effectiveness the sword can be brandished by a competent official. Nearly two years ago, a play dealing with topics usually discussed only by students of morbid psychology, and by them with no particular pleasure, was offered to the public. As the offensive affair quite plainly violated the penal law, it was brought to a close by the arrest of the entire company, and the prosecution was entrusted to James G. Wallace, assistant to the District Attorney.

The producers gave bail for the actors, but made no attempt to re-stage the play either in New York or elsewhere. The sole effort of their legal counsel was to

prevent the case from coming to trial. But if they hoped to tire Mr. Wallace, they reckoned without their prosecutor. After eighteen months Mr. Wallace called the case up, and if he did not succeed in obtaining a conviction, his efforts were by no means without profit. The leading counsel for the defendants has announced that no more plays of the kind will be produced by his clients in New York, and that means that the deluge of impropriety which has been flowing over the country for some years, will be stopped at the source.

Little is gained by sending a parcel of impecunious actors to jail. But much is gained when the lesson read to the author and producers is severe enough to part these unscrupulous individuals from their nefarious activities, thereby reducing them to comparative decency. It is true that a half-hearted prosecution by the State generally has the effect of helping a bad play or picture by advertising it to thousands who otherwise would never hear of it. But a prosecution, capably and seriously conducted, has other results. It is more than a brandishing of the sword by the State. It is a blow with the flat, and a warning that a repetition of the offense will be followed by a blow with the edge.

Two Sociologists

TO the sociological page of this Review, the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., formerly a valued member of this staff, contributes an article on Frederick P. Kenkel, the Laetare medalist of the year. Sociologists, it has been said, are a disputatious class of men. Delving into the depths of the dismal science, their outlook upon life becomes dark and even cynical. History has recorded the ravages of the *odium theologicum*, and it is indeed a depressing sight to behold two venerable theologians belaboring each other with fierce but futile blows, like two embattled old ladies equipped with umbrellas. It has been whispered that the *odium sociologicum* is a display of the weakness of our nature that is even more unnerving.

But those who dwell habitually on the serene heights wherein truth alone is sought, gladly welcome new points of knowledge without regard to the hands that have discovered them. Mr. Kenkel is the most eminent of our sociologists among the laity, while Father Husslein ranks with the leaders, lay or clerical, in this field. Writing of Mr. Kenkel, Father Husslein produces a panegyric, and were Mr. Kenkel to write of Father Husslein, we should have another panegyric. Best of all, each panegyric would be true—a judgment that cannot be passed on all compositions of this sort.

It is reported that St. Louis University proposes to open, in the near future, a school of sociology on the same high plane as the University's other schools. We welcome the report and pray that a school may speedily follow it. While many of our colleges offer excellent courses in social science, only two, Fordham University and Loyola University, Chicago, have organized schools. In Mr. Kenkel and Father Husslein, both citizens of St. Louis, the new school will have two ranking leaders.

A Code for Motion Pictures

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

DRAMATIC entertainment through the movies is like no other entertainment in history. The stage is an esoteric and almost secret thing. Literature, high and low, talks to a little group. Even the newspaper barely touches the surface of the minds of the eighteen millions of people who, according to reliable reports, frequent the moving-picture houses daily. The few thousands who go down, or come into New York, to Broadway to see a play, or who see it "on the road" in large city or small, represent a small proportion of our population. The play and the mature book very rarely are seen by children and young people; the movie is a favorite haunt for youth.

Various thinkers and theorists have been engaged almost from their beginning in attempting to gauge the mental and moral effect of this absolutely new phenomenon in our history, and almost at the beginning they took alarm. Usually, however, such alarm is motivated by the natural suspicion of something new; it dies out when the novelty has worn off. But suspicion of the movies has grown rather than diminished; in recent months it has probably been louder than ever.

There seems to be an ineradicable instinct in some classes of our people to invoke the law—a law—in such a juncture, and it is not surprising that censorship by law has been set up in many States, or that even Federal censorship is being advocated. The instinct is a natural one and would be a fruitful one in a perfect state of society. But censorship by nature is political, and politics is the very last thing that should be allowed to have a voice in the drama, the book, the school, the press. Moreover, outside pressure invariably has the effect of stimulating producers of plays and moving pictures to *beat* the law, where they cannot bribe the censors, and by a hundred subtle devices to circumvent the spirit if not the letter of the regulations set up to rule them.

A little knowledge of human nature as it is suffices to convince anyone that civil censorship produces the opposite effect of what it is intended to do: it gives a false sense of security that we are being protected when by the very nature of things we are not protected. But this Review has too often gone on record against censorship for the point to be labored here.

In the case of books and plays the more sensible rule is for the State to establish certain norms, and to allow the police power of the community to punish after violation. This has at least the virtue of being more in accord with our political system than previous censorship, and even if acquitted the defendant is more careful in the future. It has also the vice of being subject to politics only too often and thus defeating its purpose. Moreover, in the case of the movies this system is in practice impossible. A Federal law is out of the question. State laws in those two or three places where the motion pictures are produced would only have the effect of driving the

industry to other States, to the consequent economic loss of both State and industry.

The only thing left was to bring about, if possible, that ideal dreamed of by every educator and churchman: to produce a state of mind where the citizen of his own accord obeys the public moral law. As a civic ideal, this is too beautiful to expect to see in practice as an absolutely perfect state. As an ideal in a concentrated industry like that of the moving pictures, it is perfectly practicable. And this is precisely what the industry of its own accord has engaged to do. A Code of practice has been drawn up and adopted, and, what is even more gratifying, published broadcast to the world, so that all may judge the intentions and fidelity of those who profess it, namely, ninety-five per cent of the producers. They are to be thanked for this gage of good faith.

This Code consists of two parts: three general principles, and particular applications under these headings: crimes against the law, sex, vulgarity, obscenity, profanity, costume, dances, religion, locations, national feelings, titles and repellent subjects. The regulations listed under these headings are definite and all-embracing. Few laws are so clear as to the meaning of their letter. To see that they are carried out in letter and spirit an elaborate plan has been provided which, to use the common expression, "puts teeth" into the Code.

The Code itself is based on the fundamental assumption that the movies differ essentially in their moral obligations from the stage, books, and the newspaper. Where a book merely describes, a film presents vividly; where cold type and a dead page narrate, the film shows apparently living people; where a book reaches the mind through words alone, in a film the ears and eyes grasp the reproduction of actual events; where the effect of a book depends mostly on the power of the reader's imagination, the reaction to a film depends on the vividness of presentation. So with the stage: the audience is larger with the movies and mass resistance is by that fact lessened in proportion; the characters are bigger on the screen and so are nearer in perspective to the audience: the stage is viewed by a few thousands a week, mostly mature men and women; the silver screen shows to millions daily, men and women of all types, young people and children. The newspaper is still farther off in its vividness: it merely describes tragedy and comedy, while in the film you actually see the gruesome and the comic.

Hence follow the three general principles of the Code:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong doing, evil or sin.

2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law, natural and human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

To most people all this will sound like simple truths;

they will wonder why it was ever necessary to enounce them. The fact is that the film industry has been divided between two schools, both tending to stray far from the moral code. The first is the box-office school: everything goes that will pull the crowds; the second is the art-for-art's-sake school: the film, as an art, need follow no law. Each of these schools was perfectly sincere; their principles sounded to them also like simple truths. The formulation, acceptance and publication of this Code by the industry, therefore, is nothing less than a revolution. It means that the producers are persuaded that moral films can be made good box-office attractions, and also that they can be good art. The experiment will be watched with much sympathy and interest by most people not committed to unmoral theories.

It has been wrongly asserted that the new situation necessitating the adoption of the Code has been brought about by the introduction of sound into the movies. Inspection of the Code itself will disabuse anyone of this notion. A small part of it is devoted to what is *said* in the films. Not more than seven lines in a hundred contain explicit prohibitions about the talking or singing part of them. In only a half-dozen other places is talk or song implicitly mentioned. The greater part of it could have been written years ago. That is the real reason why it has been thought well to write about it here, since it is a new and fundamental departure.

In order to show how deeply and minutely the Code goes into details, the subjects about which prohibitions are uttered are here summarized:

Murder, methods of crime, drug traffic and use of liquor; adultery, scenes of passion, seduction, rape, sex perversion, white slavery, miscegenation, sex hygiene and more intimate subjects; vulgar scenes and songs; obscene words, gestures, references, songs, jokes; pointed profanity (examples given); nudity, undressing scenes, indecent exposure; suggestive dances; ridicule of a faith, of ministers of religion, or of religious ceremonies; indecent bedroom and bathroom scenes; disrespect to our Flag, and to the feelings, etc., of other nations; salacious, indecent and obscene titles; repellent subjects, such as hangings, the third degree, brutality, cruelty to children and animals, sale of women, surgical operations.

What about its enforcement? Enough was said at the first part of this article to suggest the idea that no form of outside force except that of public opinion is feasible or desirable, and no form of censorship except self-censorship will work in practice. The producers have given hostages to public opinion by the very publication of the Code. Much will depend on the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which Will Hays is President, and on the organizations cooperating with him. Mr. Hays was very instrumental in winning adoption for the Code, we are told, and his own organization gave it to the public. Working both on the Coast and in New York, it is in a strategic position to guarantee to the public strict fulfilment, and to cooperate in actual enforcement, along with the various religious and social groups—including the Motion Picture Bureau of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, under Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick—all of whom will be in an inside position to know what is going on.

Naturally the Code is not retroactive; many films were

already in process of producing when the Code was in the making. There will probably be defections from both the spirit and the letter of the Code. But everybody who has at heart the interests of good entertainment and the safeguarding of morals, and who feels that no other kind of censorship is possible except self-censorship, will cooperate with this plan to bring about an art that is both art and good art.

Moustachio

NORBERT ENGELS

THEN suddenly it rained, and over Paris the moody blanket was unrolled until the city took on the bedraggled appearance of a poodle just out of the tub. Avenue des Ternes was silver in this October rain. Taxis whizzed by in a double streak of red, one in the cab, the other in the wet pavement. People were scurrying everywhere through the mist. The buildings huddled together like groups of frightened peasants.

Paris is usually happy; today it was sad. But mirth without melancholy is like roast beef without gravy, like soup without salt. That is half the charm of Paris, the just-right seasoning of a favorite dish.

I like Paris, its saints and sinners, its pipes and perfumes, its laughter and its sorrow. It's a great city for one who isn't narrow-minded; for one who is, it's even greater; it will teach him. Anyway, I like it. Who wouldn't if he knew such genuine articles as Moustachio and Antoine and Madame, and knew they were the result of Paris? But wait. You shall hear more.

It was still raining when first I met Moustachio. It was in the likeliest place one could hope to meet such a great heart, in *Café de la Belle Etoile*, on the avenue, at a table, a mug of beer hiding in the bristling shrubbery of his proudest possession, his moustache. His crinkly visored tan cap was pushed back from a broad forehead. I knew from the cap and his long khaki duster that he was a cab driver. But what a man! His short legs were spread wide to allow his elephantine stomach to hang between in happy abandon. His waistcoat was draped with a huge yellow watch chain; above the plateau of his Falstaffian paunch, as he slouched there, was a week's collection of cigarette ashes; and where the button was missing, a chemise of delicate lavender blushed at its careless exposure.

His moustache? Full it was and flowing, and richly gray, and venerably long enough to tie at the back of his neck. The ends of it waved in the drafty cafe like the tattered battleflags of Napoleon that hang in the Invalides. Truly no other name than "Moustachio" would have been fitting for him. It was the man!

On the table was a checker board. It was Moustachio's move. He sat there expressionless. His breathing was slow, of an asthmatic tenor.

Suddenly he sat upright. His huge hand descended with a thud. A roar came from his cavernous throat.

"*Voilà! Comme ça!*" So I beat you, Antoine. You should by this time realize with whom you play. But you did well, considering. There are not many in Paris

who could make Felix Ratabon work hard to win." He waved his arm to indicate the scope of his domain. "Ah, no, Antoine, not many in Paris."

He settled back with a satisfied grunt, raised his glass, and partook of a long, deep, windy draught. He became conscious of my interest in the game, and turned his eyes in my direction. They were little eyes, half open, like the shells of dead clams. I nodded. He bowed in return. He had accepted my homage.

"Have a drink?" I offered.

"But yes, surely. This is Antoine," he said, turning his hand to his partner. "Antoine drives the gray mare, there by the curb, and the old hack. Some time Antoine and his hack will fall to pieces, is it not so, Antoine?" He roared at his own humor.

I called the waiter, and he relayed my order for beer to the stone-faced bartender, who was probably dreaming about America where people are supposed to drink nothing but water. The beer came, and as we drank I watched Antoine.

He was small, and thin, and very old. The veins in his pale forehead made me think of old blue-figured sugar bowls that say "clunk!" when the cover is dropped on. He had on an old high-top beaver hat from which the dents had been decently ironed out. His collar and stock were immaculately white and starched, but his long-tail coat was turning to a shiny, coppery-green.

I ordered more beer, and passed the Camels. All was readily accepted. I looked outside. There were two cabs, vacant, though they are at a premium when Paris puts up her umbrella. One was a shiny, new Renault taxi, the other a tottering four-wheeler whose steeds were drenched and shivering. Little rivulets formed on their backs, coursing down their fluted sides to the pavement.

"So you are both cabbies?" I ventured.

Antoine nodded. "For many years," said he.

I looked to Moustachio. "Since last week," he said. "My woman owns the hotel next door. I drive so that I will not have to listen to her all the day." He covered his ears with his hands. Antoine smiled.

When I again ordered beer, and passed the cigarettes, I saw a look of devotion come into the eyes of the two. I understood their idle cabs, now, by the curb.

The beer came. Moustachio raised his glass. "To Antoine," he said, "who is old now, but was once a great warrior. Against Bismarck at Metz. Show your scar, Antoine."

Antoine proudly rolled up his sleeve over a puny arm, and displayed a jagged scar. Pierre, the waiter, sensing there was glory to be got, hastened to upturn his trouser leg and flannels to show a shrapnel wound he had received in the Great War. I felt like a child who reads "Arthur and His Round Table" at midnight.

"Pouf!" came from Moustachio. "Anyone can be wounded. Look, I am not so. I am strong." He turned up his arms, inviting each of us to feel his muscle. "I was always careful. I had to be. Madame would have killed me if I had been wounded."

"My friend," I said, "I am afraid you fear Madame."

"Madame is not like other women," he answered.

With a sudden premonition I looked to the doorway of the hotel. There was Madame, arms akimbo, eyes flashing. Moustachio, too, saw. He made a dash for the cab, bouncing the table with his inflated paunch. The leaning tower of beer saucers on it fell, crashing to the floor, scattering its grotesque chips to all sides. Fat Frenchmen choked on their *apertifs*, coy Frenchwomen dropped lipsticks in their beer. The patron wobbled forward, inquiringly.

"Fel—ees!" Madame rapped out each syllable like the hammering of a riveting machine. Moustachio walked slowly toward her, looking once to me. She waited for him to enter, her eyes boring him deeper as he advanced. She followed him in.

Pierre, towel in hand, came to offer consolation by telling me that Americans were always his most generous clients. I paid for the beer, paid for the saucers, paid for the compliment, and rose. Antoine beckoned me to go with him into the hotel.

Moustachio was puffing over a huge trunk, attempting to drag it outdoors. Madame was putting on her coat.

"Going away?" I inquired, with the pleasantness of several beers.

"Madame goes," said Moustachio.

I helped him with the trunk, and together we placed it on the running board of his cab, where he covered it with a tarpaulin and lashed it securely to his seat.

Antoine escorted Madame to the car, kissed her on both cheeks, wished her well, and waved her off. Moustachio, with a meaningful wink towards the cafe, stepped on the gas and serpented his way through the seething traffic like a mad man. Antoine and I took our seats at the cafe once more and waited.

Antoine, after I had ordered beer, explained that Madame was going to the South of France, where her only child, Germaine, was in a boarding school. Madame had had word that Germaine was ill, and she was going down to see that the doctors took the proper care. Madame trusted no one but Madame, explained Antoine. He went on to tell me about the strange pair, and his eyes were twinkling with the humor of the story. . . .

Moustachio was back! Before the cab had settled in its recoil from the brake pressure, he was out, beckoning us to the hotel. With the solemn grace of a royal host who had received hospitality and was now going to give of his own, he led Antoine and me into the dining room, seated us in Madame's best chairs, and lumbered down the cellar steps without a word. Pompously he came back with an armful of Champagne, Madame's best. He placed them on the table, and brought three glasses, thin-shelled, on tall, graceful stems. He grasped a bottle, tore the wires from the cork, shook it till the cork shot out with a terrific pop, and holding it like a Roman candle, sprayed the walls and ceiling with the tumultuous wine. With the next, he slowly unwound the wires, gently eased out the cork, and poured. I felt in the presence of a great moment.

We stood, we three, and faced the South of France. We raised our glasses. We felt the bubbles spray our noses. "To Madame!" said Moustachio, drinking.

Agar, Domini and Dante

GERALD G. WALSH, S.J.

AGAR moved slowly, as one in her condition should, down to the low wicker-wall of Abram's garden, and leaning on it looked with earnestness, and wistfully, across the illimitable wastes of sand. There was something so strange, so insistent, so alluring in the desert mystery of Bersabee, and today, in this late afternoon, she felt it more than ever. Was the feeling connected with the little heart that beat against her own? At any rate, just then the desert seemed a fearful symbol of that future life. The journey to that far horizon was so long; the relentless beating of the sun; and that dry, dry sand; not a fountain of water in all that waste, or hardly one; not a tree with any fruit, but just a bristling cactus here and there. There was indeed that little oasis on the way to Sur; but how many mirages to lure a thoughtless traveler to a hopeless death? Again she thought anxiously of the young life that God was giving to her charge; and when the sun sank low, over there toward Hazar-susim, and the lengthening shadows of the sand hills crept up to the garden wall, a vague fear made her tremble. . . .

But then her mistress, Sarai. Could she stand it longer? It was not just the endless "do's" and "don'ts" of her domestic servitude; it was not mere discipline that drove her to despair. It was the everlasting triangle. There was no room for Agar in the tents of Abram's wife. And so she peered out, once more, this time into the darkness, for the brief desert gloaming ended abruptly when the sun went down. The double mystery of the desert and the darkness enveloped her like the folds of the great shepherd's shawl that she had gathered about her limbs when she felt the evening chill. The darkness and the desert beckoned her.

Agar opened the gate of Abram's garden, and walked out into the night. Of course, in the deep wells of that young Semitic soul there was nothing but the sweet water of simplicity. There was none of the stagnant sophistication that fills the shallow pool of a modern and artistic soul. She never pretended that the Divine mystery of the desert drew her inexorably to its irresistible embrace. She *knew* she *could*; but she *would* not stay.

The desert moon was full when she reached the "fountain of water in the wilderness, which is in the way to Sur in the desert." And it was there she heard the strange voice that said: "Agar, handmaid of Sarai, whence comest thou? and whither goest thou?"

And she answered: "I flee from the face of Sarai, my mistress."

And the angel of the Lord said to her: "Return to thy mistress, and humble thyself under her hand. . . . Behold! thou art with child, and thou shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Ismael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction."

And Agar said: "Thou art Jahweh who hast seen me." And in the light of the desert moon she made her way back to the tents of Abram.

Again Agar walked down to the wicker-wall. This time the little hand of Ismael was in hers, and her other hand was in the hand of Abraham (for so he now was called, after the vision he had seen of God). The early morning clouds were melting like her day dreams. Abraham had a look so terrible, so determined in his eyes, and his hand grasped hers so tightly that it pained. He did no talking. He just walked on. At noon he left her with her boy, and nothing save one bottle of water and a loaf of bread. How long she wandered on she hardly knew. But when the sun of a new day began to beat down fiercely on the whirling sand her boy was all but dead. "I cannot bear to see him die," she moaned, and set him in the shade of a cactus tree, and went a far way off to die, in her despair, alone. But the parched lips of the quivering child cried after her, the feeble voice sounding fainter and fainter. It must have been when a sudden whirling of the desert sand blotted out the last tiny cry, that she lifted up to God that loud, strange, piteous prayer that broke like the wave of a rising tide on the shore of heaven. Then louder than her sobs was heard the angel's voice: "What art thou doing, Agar? Fear not." And through the mist of tears she saw the fountain of water that gushed forth at her feet. She gave her boy to drink, and thereafter, we are told, "he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became a young man, an archer. . . . And God was with him."

Agar had discovered a fountain of hope in the desert of life.

It is so different with Domini in the "Garden of Allah." She, too, used to move down slowly, with modern languor, to the wall in the garden of her friend the Count, and look across the desert wastes of the illimitable Sahara. But the lady of Beni-Mara is shallow, pagan and sophisticated. There is no depth of simplicity in her vague and half-evolved philosophy of doubt, in her nebulous theology of humanism. Her system begins with a lie, is nurtured in illusion, and, of course, ends in disillusionment and despair.

The lie of all paganism, whether Domini's or any other's, is that the Desert of Life is the Garden of Allah. It is the lie that human life is all-sufficient, and self-sufficient. It is the lie that the whirling sands of life can feed to satiety all the hungers of the soul. It is the lie that we have no need of God, save such a god as can be grown in the soil of our sandy soul. It is the lie that we do not hunger for religion, save for such religion as is no higher than the cult of our own humanity. It is the lie that there is no responsibility except that duty that we owe ourselves to feed our feelings to the uttermost. "I had rather be the center of a world tragedy," says Domini with all the pathetic and intolerable pseudo-sacerdotal esotericism of her futile fatalism, "I had rather be the center of a world tragedy than not to feel to the utmost." She will spend a whole day, as a Christian saint might

pass with God a night of vigil, from four in the morning till long after the rise of the desert moon, fasting from facts and feasting on feelings. Life for Domini becomes a sacred and superstitious pilgrimage to the Mecca of self-torture. "There is an intensity of feeling," she declares, "that generates action; but there is a greater intensity of feeling that renders action impossible, the feeling that seems to turn a human being into a shell of stone within which burn all the fires of creation."

Of course, poor Domini is too unfamiliar with the normal processes of vigorous and constructive thought to elaborate logically the full theology of her strained religiosity. But you see her instinctive (sub-conscious, as they say) elaborations of her central apotheosis of Feeling. Her religion has its mystical asceticism. In the beginning, novice-like, she palters and falters in a kind of purgative way, cleansing away whatever interferes with gnostic hyper-sensitiveness. Then as one vowed to virginal emotionalism she will embrace the lashes of the whips of life, longing for the time when her soul shall reach the fringes of illumination on the very edge of mystery. There comes at last the way of union, the ecstasy of illusion, and in this light every, the most ordinary, soul (and body) is illumined with participated Divinity. He (or she) can occasion feeling. It is enough.

The psychological postulate of this new theology is the pure passivity of soul. Whirlwinds shall, must, lovingly, mystically overwhelm us, and it is (not illusion, for illusion is the newer light), but sacrilege to imagine that there is any will that should, that can ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm. Just as the essence of Catholicism is the concept of a God above us, and a free, strong will within us, so to Domini, it is the god who is within, and the only Will she knows is the inexorable fate that is above her, and of course too much for her. An awful and religious fatalism constrains her like an efficacious grace in her tiniest, most languorous inactivities. "She *knew* she *would* not move out of the fumoir till the train was creeping along the river bed on its way from Beni-Mara."

"From Beni-Mara." Of course, by that time disillusionment had ended in despair. It was in vain that a robust English girl and her Russian man, with a religious vocation, should try to feed their souls on the sands of the Garden of Allah. She belonged to a home, and he to a monastery.

The desert, whether of sand or of life, in spite of its alluring mystery cannot, as Agar and Domini came to realize, either feed the body or satisfy the soul. . . .

These are parables. They will add no light to the already luminous discussion in AMERICA concerning Catholic literature. But whenever I think of Agar and of Domini I feel that any efforts nicely to delimit the claims of prudery and purity are beside the mark. Obviously, while our sensitive faculties are in the growing stage it is nothing less than psychological murder to allow a gluttonous imagination to feed itself to death. Let us be frank and say that not even the tale of Agar in the inspired realism of the book of Genesis is fit food for an undeveloped fancy. The special aspect of sexuality, in particular, is not the danger. The danger lies in the general gluttony

of an unformed faculty. It is not that we elders want to put new laws upon the youngsters. The law that really matters is the law that is antecedent to our enunciation of it, and out of our control, the law of psychological reality. Soft food will make the teeth of a growing child fall out, whether we legislate or not; and morbid reading is not a matter of disobedience to our parents, but of disobedience to our nature. Therefore, let our children have none of it.

But for those whose gums of fancy have been hardened by the rough food of life, the problem is altogether different. It is not a problem for readers mainly, but rather for our writers. In any case, the danger is no longer a danger to a sensitive faculty, but to the soul. I do not mean the soul as the seat of supernatural life, though that is the ultimate norm in all this matter. But the soul as the seat of mental life is menaced by any literature that leads us to despair. It does not matter whether the action of a novel takes place wholly in a sacristy. But if its theological postulate is the pagan principle of the self-sufficiency of human life; if in consequence it proceeds on the psychological postulate of the pure passivity of soul; and if it ends, however artistically (if that is possible) after (even a pious) orgy of feeling in disillusionment and despair, then I maintain it is a bad book, and a writer ceases to be a Catholic in his soul if he (or she) foists such stuff upon an unsuspecting public.

No artist ever felt the whirling sands of the desert of life blowing with more violence in his face than Dante Alighieri. No poet ever felt more insurgently, the alluring, insistent mystery at the heart of this strange desert. He knew that life has real oases in every spot where there is any goodness, truth or beauty. He had struggled on and on, hopelessly, towards every beckoning mirage in life. By all the proprieties of neo-paganism he should have stolen back to the dear city from which a cruel fate had cast him, and then from the roof of the Baptistery, *il bel San Giovanni*, he should have cast himself in a mystic frenzy of full initiation on to the floor below, consummating his Christian by a neo-pagan baptism. Then in place of that dull Divine Comedy we might have had a Florentine Tragedy—mewling, mawkish and immoral. Thank God, Dante was a Catholic. He was not Domini, but Agar. In the middle of the desert (what he calls the sunless wood) of life, he looked to God, out beyond the miserable limits of the splendid microcosm that is man, and he found a fountain of hope in that Catholic Faith, which alone can give Assurance.

*E io appresso: "Le profonde cose
che mi largiscono qui la lor parvenza,
a li occhi di là giù son sì ascose,
che l'esser loro v'è in sola credenza,
sopra la qual si fonda l'alta spene. (Par. xxiv, 70-74.)*
"The deep things," I replied, "which here I scan,
Distinctly, are below from mortal eye,
So hidden, they have in belief alone
The being; on which credence, hope sublime
Is built."

Not just hope—a vague emotional optimism that, like Agar's bottle, can quench our thirst for a single day—but a fountain of hope, a foundation to hope.

Augustine's Pears

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

IT was a great moment for literature when young Augustine and his band of "lewd fellows," wild with their first taste of student freedom, scaled an orchard wall in the little Numidian village of Thagaste, and pilaged a pear tree that henceforth was to rank among the most important trees in history. Augustine's rapined pear tree runs a close second, in literary and homiletic influence, to a certain apple tree, and to me at least, is much more fascinating for speculative purposes than the fig tree of the parables. For it has always seemed to me that the pear tree and its penitential aftermath cut to the very quick of Augustine's character, color his whole career as a saint, and reveal in a single incident the psychic history of the passionate Church Father whose spiritual travail is recorded in his "Confessions."

"A pear tree there was near our vineyard, laden with fruit, tempting neither for color nor taste. To shake and rob this, some lewd fellows of us went and took huge loads, not for our eating, but to fling to the very hogs, having barely tasted the fruit. . . . And now, O Lord my God, I inquire what in that theft delighted me; and behold it hath no loveliness."

I have always been puzzled by Augustine's lamentations over the theft of those pears. One is always puzzled, I suppose, by a glimpse of a perfect experience in another person—an experience one cannot embrace with his own limited powers. I, for instance, have stolen pears, grapes, and even watermelons, yet until the present moment have never made a single public reference to my sin. But then, I am not an Augustine. Indeed, it was by comparing Augustine's fruit-stealing psychology with my own that I first began to realize that there was more to the pear episode than was generally acknowledged.

I first read the "Confessions" when I was about sixteen years old, and cannot recall being particularly thrilled by them at that time. When I came to the pear-stealing incident, my interest quickened a trifle, for here was a recognizable feature—something to get one's teeth into, so to speak. But I was promptly disgusted by what I conceived to be the author's maudlin self-abasement in reviewing his boyish prank. When the mature man cries out, twenty-five years after the fact, "I will love Thee, O Lord, and thank Thee, and confess unto Thy Name, because Thou hast forgiven me *my great and heinous crime*," I could not approve of his manner, nor follow his line of reasoning. It is easy to understand why. At that moment, I was being groomed in the conservative stable of schoolboy stoicism, and fancied the Saint to be a trifle too demonstrative and unrestrained. Humor and good form, I concluded, were what Augustine lacked. As if modern humor and contemporary good form had anything to do with the mighty agitations of the patristic soul!

Some years later (I must have been at least a sophomore) I managed to hang a Freudian crepe onto the

incident of the pears. I think I was under the sway of Joseph Wood Krutch just then. Or maybe it was some other Jung-man-about-the-University. At any rate, I fell to reasoning that Augustine was unconsciously substituting the word *pears* for some other, less mentionable, crime of his youth. I kept wishing that Augustine had told us what he was dreaming about between his sixteenth and eighteenth years, so that I could have analyzed him completely and settled the pear business once and for all. But I went to work on him anyway, and in due time produced quite a formidable thesis. Monica and Augustine's friend Alypius were involved somehow—luckily, I forget just how. And although I got great credit from my masters, I now feel that I must have done violent analytical injury to the Saint, his sainted mother, and his faithful friend.

This psychoanalysis of the pear episode brought me no permanent relief, however. The pears still bothered me. In fact, they bothered me almost as much as they had bothered Augustine. So I went back to the "Confessions" for the third time (the charm of this work is that you can enjoy it perennially) and soon evolved a very pretty theory to account for the pear-stealing and the lamentations which followed it.

I well remember the symposium at which I advanced my theory—boldly, brassily, in the presence of Father Lawrason Riggs, John Erskine, Arnold Whitridge, and four or five students who had come to hear this battery of celebrities dispute in Augustine's honor. The students were an average lot of seniors, but among them was a stuttering dialectician with a real flair for wrangling, a jittery chap who resisted all Augustinian propositions with a pugnacious, "Y-yes,—b-but d-d-don't y-y-you s-s-s-ee?"—and invariably followed up his objection with a long, agonizing dissertation of his own. Such then was my audience, and I was resolved to charm them into seeing the pears as I did.

"These pears," I began, and Father Riggs pricked up his ears at the confident note I had taken, "these pears of Augustine's are to be regarded as metaphorical symbols. They are supposed to represent the shabby insignificance of worldly considerations, when compared with the glorious possibilities of the spiritual life. With God's love as one alternative, and sin as the other, Augustine chose sin—and not a very distinguished sin at that. A handful of pears, a few miserable circuses, a little intellectual vanity. And the meanness of those early choices, choices in which he stubbornly persisted until well into manhood, smote the illumined Augustine when he sat down to praise God for his mercies. Which is really what he intended the 'Confessions' to be—an epic of gratitude to Him who had led him out of error, and—"

A glimmer of approval brightened in Whitridge's quiet eye. Erskine said nothing; he merely swung his key ring and waited for an opening. I looked at Father

Riggs as I drew near the end of my discourse, and I could see that he was on the verge of commenting on my exegesis. Well, the pears were to be solved after all—when suddenly the silence was shattered by the stuttering dialectician—

"Y-y-y-es," he spluttered, "b-but d-d-don't y-you s-s-see—"

In the hurly-burly that followed, my pears were badly crushed and for a long time I was too discouraged even to look at them again. But their enigma still possessed me. I could not fall back on such prosy interpretations as "the dangers of bad company," or "the sinful waste of good fruit"—although I have heard both these points driven home in parish homilies. I was obliged to proceed to higher ground if I could, but although I tugged powerfully at my own boot straps, I rose not an inch above the level of the ordinary pulpit, until . . .

Until one day, quite humbled by my long quest, I came across the following lines in Augustine's "De Trinitate": "Souls in their very sins seek but a sort of likeness of God, in a proud, perverted, and corruptible freedom."

I laid aside the text to mull over this rather alarming paradox. Do sinners seek a likeness of God? How could that possibly be true? But consider the last half of the proposition: "in a proud, perverted and corruptible freedom"! Wasn't that always Augustine's trouble—pride, perversity, wilfulness—a triad of vices that he laments on every page?

I reached for the "Confessions," turned to the well-fingered passages concerning the pears, and read:

"What then did I love in that theft? And wherein did I even corruptedly imitate my Lord? Did I wish to mimic a maimed liberty, by doing with impunity things unpermitted me, a darkened likeness of Thy Omnipotency? My only pleasure therein was my own sin . . . for if aught of those pears came within my mouth, what sweetened it was the sin itself."

So! Pride, the sin that tumbled Lucifer from Paradise; Pride, the captain of capital sins; Pride, the imperfect and perverse assumption of God's own nature; Pride, the puny rivaling of His freedom—so it was Pride that caused Augustine to rifle a pear tree? As I read the old lines (it is fifteen hundred years since they were first set down, and fifteen since I first read them) the truth leapt out at me, and I began to realize that only after Augustine's shrewd analysis of his own sin, was his abject humility justified and comprehensible. It was as much a part of his genius that he should recognize his sin for what it was (O patient and penetrating examination of conscience!) as that he should spend the rest of his life expiating it.

Personally I am grateful that Augustine took his youthful peccadillo so seriously. For that first penitential note, struck so early in this greatest of spiritual autobiographies, is carried *sostenuto* through the entire work. If there had been no pear tree, could there have been a *tolle lege*? And if there had been no *tolle lege*, no conversion, there could have been no perfect expression of mystical devotion: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it repose in Thee." Without this concept,

swelling through the first thousand years of Catholic mysticism, there could have been no Dante to echo it, no Thomas à Kempis, no Francis Thompson, to utter it anew. I think it is no exaggeration to say that the humility of the "Confessions" runs like a flaming ligature through the body of Catholic literature, binding together every devotional sinew of patristic, medieval, and modern times.

If it were possible to select a single example of pure contrition in mortal man—the contrition that grieves not because it dreads the loss of Heaven or the pains of Hell, but because of the gratuitous insult offered to God, I should select those passages in Augustine's "Confessions" in which he laments the theft of a few pears which he neither ate nor enjoyed.

Those Cocksure Twenties

DOUGLAS POWERS

SEEING an announcement in a popular magazine that F. Scott Fitzgerald is to contribute "a searching study of the American girl and what she is like in 1930," I have the sensation of shock that comes even to the male of the species with the consciousness of age creeping on. Ye shades of F. Scott Fitzgerald and the flapper! How far they have disappeared in the "dim backward and abysm of time," those years when the century and I were striplings. For we were born close enough together to be twins, the century and I, and we have rollicked through three decades with the particular sympathy and amiability of contemporaries.

It was during my college years that "This Side of Paradise" made its whirlwind entrance into the romantic fiction of the land. It was, I believe, shortly after the turn of the 'twenties; and the vogue of its author persisted, I remember, long enough to give a significance to his name that the philosopher, if not the critic, of literature, might find provocative. As the work of a very young man, the book had merit and even distinction, no one will deny; it was evidently written with enthusiasm and a great deal of joy, and beside it, the deluge of imitations that poured out of Yale and Harvard and Princeton was a tame if seething flood. The rebellious college boy, who rebelled on instinct at almost everyone and everything in those turbulent years, sat on Pegasus, I am afraid to say, like a not quite as lovable Quixote on his Rosinante. Of the same generation, I may be allowed, perhaps, to recall Horace's descriptive *asinus ad lyram* without being thought a dyspeptic and middle-aged Thersites.

It seems to me, however, as I look back, that Fitzgerald's books are memorable not as achievements in themselves, but for the contingent and unconscious qualities impounded within their letterpress. It does not seem silly to me to think of a writer saying a good many things that he does not actually put down in his writing, interpreting, simply through the reflection of the circumstances of the time and the mood in which he works, the fugitive spirit of a moment. I have forgotten completely the man's characters and what they say, except, of course,

that it would be safe to wager that they quote Oscar Wilde and Schopenhauer and probably Mencken; and I am quite certain that it is a faithful memory that they drink a lot of gin.

But such points are really unimportant, at least in my judgment. It is far more interesting to recall the spirit that the books evoked, a quite familiar ghost to those who think of that time, like me, as *la vie en fleur*. The 'twenties, I am ready to assert, bore a certain adolescent character, and I am not willing to admit that this aspect of them comes from my having observed them through the eyes of youth. Their books, their dramas, their movies and their social life had in general, I think, something precipitous and headlong and cocksure about them. Remarque, in his strong novel of the war, makes a special point of mentioning that the trenches took all the youth out of his generation and made them old men. Well, the post-war generation of youngsters made up for all that its predecessors had lost, if such was the case; and the abounding florescence of that generation, its madness of jazz, its scorn of sanctities and of authority, its ribald and morbid stage, its Queen of Sheba movies, and its libraries of sex literature tend to make that theory plausible.

It was an upstart generation, on the whole. I shall always think of the Fitzgerald books as symbolizing its brilliant impertinence, its precocious sophistication—which was a word, I remember, it had a way of using very proudly about itself—and its passionate tenacity in acting on its impulses and on the dangerous "little knowledge" of its inexperience. The young men of the John Dos Passos school, who wrote on the war, made one think of ardent sophomores of his acquaintance who had read Nietzsche and Swinburne not wisely, alas, but too well. Does anyone know a novel of the war that does not strut with the conceit and the Promethean theatricals of the college poet who wants to write like Baudelaire, in those early 'twenties? I cannot remember one.

Then we had Theodore Dreiser and James Branch Cabell and masters of that sort going through orgiastic antics with the same wild folly as most of the rest of us of that Dionysiac Decade. As I remember, "Jurgen" was having a sensational revival in my later university days. I can recall a coterie at Ann Arbor, of which I was one, breathlessly tossing coins to decide the order in which the one copy that our meager pin money could provide would pass among us. And it is worthwhile adding, maybe, the memory that when my turn came to read the work of art—I bow humbly to the judgment of Mencken and others—it took me a long time to get over my wistful regret for the fifty cents I had contributed. The only novels I ever bought afterward were Willa Cather's.

I think the personality of the past decade falls distinctively enough between its opening and its closing dates to be considered as an integral segment. Is it only I who am putting on the sobriety of middle years, or is there not really a change in men and in things nowadays, really a little of wisdom even in youth, a little of wisdom and less of the froward intemperance of the youth and

the youthfulness of the 'twenties? I am no one to deny the precious gifts of the young and eager heart, its passion, its power, and even its vanity. That singing heart touches all years and all times with the sorcery of its hopes and its imaginings,—the 'twenties, like all the others. But just as we are shocked by urbanity and artifice in the child actor, however much they are accompanied by the beauty and grace of boyhood or girlhood; just as we are shocked, too, to read of a gray-beard like Anatole France following a red petticoat in the Luxembourg; so, I think, the *outré* of the last ten years strikes one, if he sees it in that light. Flapping galoshes, coonskin coats and petting made a noisy enough din "this side of paradise"; but is there any one of us who would not rather see Apollo with the lyre than with the saxophone?

But I should be a graceless memorialist if I remembered only the brass instruments and the drums out of that clamorous time. Peace and quiet and sanity never go altogether out of the world. Gilbert and Sullivan came back, and there was the exquisite new music of John Carpenter and Deems Taylor; we read "The Professor's House," "Death Comes For the Archbishop," Masfield's "Sard Harker," and saw Percy Crosby's "Skippy" in the newspapers every day; Walter Hampden brought Cyrano de Bergerac back to his immortal winsomeness, and Douglas Fairbanks played Robin Hood. And who of us will ever forget, who lived in those times, the imperishable gallantry of that scene from American politics, when the knightly Franklin Roosevelt hobbled on crutches to the platform of the Democratic National Convention in New York and made his impassioned plea for the nomination of Governor Smith to the presidency? If Youth, cocksure and precocious and rather too brazen, pulled the beards of its elders and thumbed its nose at the Past altogether too much in the 'twenties, Wisdom too was keeping her inalterable way, and has led us, from all that I can make out, into a serener and humbler decade.

YOUNG BEAUTY

Hide their beauty from my eye
Or teach me now to leave it,
Lest it wane, lest it die,
Lest I grieve it.

That perfect beauty breeds this hour
I know. I am not resigned.
The fruit is plump, but ah, the flower
Was sweet in the wind.

Young days I gave with love to my Lord,
I would not have them back;
Yet change my robe and change my cord,
They both are black.

Put on me morning's gold and white,
(Black is the shade of sorrow,)
They need not know it yet, that night
Will come tomorrow.

Then let me look on them again.
(Tears have a subtle tincture.)
These were boys. These are men.
(Bind my cincture.)

JOHN LOUIS BONN, S.J.

Education

The Catholic Engineering School

JOHN P. MORRISSEY, S.J.

Regent, Engineering School, University of Detroit

AS the demand for technically trained men grew in this country, many of our universities met it by establishing courses in engineering. It thus became imperative that Catholic institutions should offer similar courses, if they wished to retain their contacts with students who desired to take up engineering. Thirty-five years ago, the Catholic high-school graduate could not find a single college at which he could matriculate, for at that time most of our Catholic colleges confined themselves to the strict classical course. This, it cannot be denied, furnished the best possible foundation for professional studies; still, it was asking too much, perhaps, to require a young man to spend four years preparing for his A.B., and another four years to acquire his professional training, and a degree at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven.

In course of time, a few Catholic schools, recognizing that the demand for technical training was growing stronger, took steps to arrange courses in engineering. In some cases, they began with only one engineering curriculum; thus the University of Notre Dame, the first Catholic school to offer engineering, gave a course in civil engineering as early as 1873. The engineering department, as such, was established at Notre Dame in 1897, and now includes civil, chemical, electrical, mechanical and mining engineering, and architecture. At Manhattan College, New York, subjects in engineering were first scheduled in 1888; at this institution, civil, architectural and industrial engineering are now offered.

Other Catholic engineering schools date their origin from more recent years. Courses were inaugurated at Villanova in 1905, at the Catholic University in 1906, at Marquette University in 1909, at the University of Dayton in 1910, at the University of Detroit in 1911, at Santa Clara University in 1912, and at St. Edward's University (Austin, Tex.) in 1927.

From the enumeration of these schools, it will be seen that practically every part of the United States has at least one Catholic institution which conducts courses in engineering. The curricula as described in their catalogues, together with the number and professional standing of their professors and instructors, justify the inference that the courses offered are at least equal to those had at the non-Catholic institutions, and that in some cases they are superior. We have heard their work highly praised in engineering circles, and we have seen something of the results achieved by their graduates. These are not inferior to that of graduates of the older and richly endowed non-Catholic institutions.

The equipment necessary for a school of this type, and the salaries of competent professors, make the engineering school an expensive, if necessary, adjunct of the modern university. Looking back upon Catholic edu-

cation in this country, it can be seen that no little courage was possessed by the college men who founded our first technical schools. The engineering school which can meet its annual expenditures by tuition and fees is certainly achieving wonders from a financial viewpoint. A survey conducted about five years ago by the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education revealed the fact that the average cost of educating a student of engineering was approximately \$500.00 per year. The tuition and fees at Catholic engineering schools are considerably below this sum, and some manage to balance the budget only by diverting funds from other departments, or by chance donations.

No Catholic school of engineering enjoys an endowment fund, but a few have a limited number of scholarships. An annual scholarship at the Catholic University is awarded by the Chemical Society; some high schools offer others; and the Knights of Columbus have provided scholarships for graduate students. At the University of Detroit, there are the Lewis annual scholarship, and the Knights of Equity scholarships. These latter are twenty-four in number, but may also be awarded to students of other departments.

The number of students in the Catholic engineering schools has steadily increased. Beginning modestly with one or two courses and twenty-five or fifty students, the students numbered, at the beginning of the present school year, 3,165, while the courses now cover the main fields fairly well. The total number of professors and instructors is 191, showing that the institutions are adequately staffed.

Forty years ago, the average graduate engineer was better educated than the average physician or lawyer. From the beginning the engineering schools required the completion of the high-school course for admission. But in the 'eighties and early 'nineties, a young man could enter upon the study of medicine before completing his high-school work, and his brother could be admitted to the practice of law, without having so much as visited a high school. At the present time, prospective law and medical students must offer at least two years of college credit, and the tendency, more marked in medicine than in law, is to require the bachelor's degree.

These changes are reflected in the requirements for entrance into the school of engineering. The course would be greatly improved by obliging the students to spend their first two years in the college of arts and science, where they would follow the courses in mathematics, chemistry, English, a modern language, and religion, now given in the first two years of the engineering school. Possibly mechanical drawing and descriptive geometry could be substituted for some other subjects. This arrangement would be equivalent to the pre-engineering course inaugurated at some colleges and universities. With this preparation the engineering course could be completed in three years, and no doubt much improvement in the status of the graduate engineer would follow.

There is a growing conviction among teachers of en-

gineering that the value of a full college course, which stresses the humanities, while giving due attention to other branches, is of unique value to the young engineer. But if this cannot be had, two years spent in the academic atmosphere of a college will be a grateful, if not a wholly satisfactory, substitute. Whatever tends to make the student in any of the professional schools better acquainted with man, his powers and his weakness, and with man's destiny, here and hereafter, will in that degree also make him a more worthy member of his profession. This fact, long lost sight of in many modern schools of philosophy, explains why leaders in all the professions candidly advocate more attention to cultural subjects in our colleges. In this, they are simply returning to Catholic ideals in education.

Our Catholic schools of engineering, although fairly well distributed, are not numerous. Most of them are hard pressed for funds, and not one has an endowment. Yet in the courses which they provide, in their equipment and in their professors, they show that they are alive to the needs of the day, and give evidence that they can meet them. The Catholic young man who matriculates at a Catholic school of engineering will be given an excellent training in the subjects which he takes up, and in addition, a Catholic environment and a Catholic atmosphere.

Sociology

F. P. Kenkel, the Laetare Medalist

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Department of Sociology, St. Louis University

THE bestowing of the Laetare Medal upon Frederick P. Kenkel, during the Diamond Jubilee year of the Catholic Central Verein of America, is a gracious act of recognition that does equal credit to the recipient and the great Catholic university which confers the favor.

But aside from all current considerations, the honor itself could not have been more judiciously bestowed. "This award is made annually to some lay Catholic in the United States who has achieved such distinction in his field of special endeavor as reflects glory upon the Church," wrote the President of Notre Dame University in his personal letter to Mr. Kenkel. "The particular luster that you, sir, have shed upon our Holy Faith comes from the high example of a life dedicated to the advancement of Catholic thought through your devotion to the Catholic press and to the application of Catholic principles in social and economic relations."

The first reason, therefore, assigned for the choice is the distinguished service rendered the Church by the Laetare Medalist during the course of thirty-five years devoted by him to the cause of Catholic journalism.

This apostolate, as we must rightly call it, was undertaken by Mr. Kenkel when in 1895 he assumed the post of manager and associate editor of the *New World* in his own home city of Chicago. He was then in his early thirties, and had already passed through an eventful life

of religious experience, while his mind had been stored with the accumulated riches of learning in many fields. Five years later he undertook the editorship of the local *Wochenblatt*, and from 1905 to 1920 was managing editor of the Catholic German-language daily *Amerika*, where his editorials displayed a profound knowledge of Catholic principles and were instinct with a keen sense of social justice.

It was at this time also that Mr. Kenkel began his active work of Catholic social organization. In 1908 he accepted the directorship of the Central Bureau of the Central Verein which, as it stands today, is entirely his creation. It is the expression of the first determined effort in the United States to develop a scientifically planned national center of Catholic social thought and endeavor, to which all might look for light and assistance in the current problems of the day. It undertook to serve as a directive and interpretative agency, to point out moral dangers and combat violations of social justice, to draft legal measures for legislative enactment of a social or economic nature in the various States, and to bring about a proper co-ordination between the various units of its own parent organization of the Central Verein.

But the purpose of its existence was in no way circumscribed by economic and industrial aims. Its interests were as wide as Catholicism itself. It devoted its labors to the cause of Catholic education, to the support or extension of foreign as well as domestic missions, to the relief of the needy in various parts of the world, to the spread of Catholic literature—in one single phrase, to all that our Sovereign Pontiff Pope Pius XI embraces under the words, *Catholic Action*.

Pursuant to this most truly Catholic policy was the establishment by Mr. Kenkel, in 1909, of the Bureau's official organ, the *Central-Blatt and Social Justice*; in 1912, of its Catholic Press Service, both in English and German; and in 1924, of the *Bulletin of the Catholic Women's Union*. In each case the editorship has remained during all these years in Mr. Kenkel's own hands, while he is assisted by an able staff of devoted workers whom he has gathered around him in the office of the Central Bureau, located at 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Social Justice can well be pointed to with pride by every Catholic as a review of solid scientific worth, that discusses with expert professional accuracy all the important social, economic and industrial problems of the day from a strictly Catholic point of view. At the same time it keeps a broad outlook over the entire field of related Catholic interests. The Central Bureau's Press Service is essentially editorial in nature. It consists of two weekly articles, largely defensive of Catholic truth or interests, inspirational in their nature, and freely contributed, one to the English and the other to the German-language papers of our country. As a concrete illustration of the enterprising activity of the Central Bureau I need but mention that since its foundation it has sent out from its office more than 5,000,000 brochures and pamphlets as an additional contribution to Catholic apologetics.

But the work of the Bureau, under the wise guidance and indefatigable leadership of Mr. Kenkel, has in no

sense been purely literary. While inspiring and directing the Catholic activities of the great body of 100,000 men, constituting the membership of the Central Verein, it has ceaselessly carried on its own social activities. The St. Elizabeth Settlement and Day Nursery, with its social clinic, serving ninety children daily at the present time, was founded by Mr. Kenkel in 1915. In the same spirit of Christian charity, the Bureau alone disbursed to the sufferers in Europe after the war the sum of \$592,393.89 in cash. These are tangible instances which even the man least acquainted with social service can readily grasp. But at least the merest passing attention should also be called to the social-study courses organized by the same far-seeing leader, and above all, to his zeal for the Catholic schools.

"Today the whole surface of our land is dotted with parish schools," said Cardinal Dougherty at the Allentown Convention of the Central Verein. "We owe them primarily to the German Catholics who fought for the schools and won the battle." But in the Central Verein's defense of Catholic schools, which continues under other aspects to the present hour, Mr. Kenkel's leadership has been a great part. Year after year, in its annual resolutions, the organization has laid its stress upon Catholic schools. Mr. Kenkel has from the first opposed the extension of Federal power, particularly as regards a Federal Department of Education.

But what must perhaps most profoundly impress the reader is the fact that from the day when he accepted the directorship of the Central Bureau in 1908 to the year 1920, when he resigned his editorship of the *Amerika*, this devoted layman, with no personal means of his own, with a large family of children to be educated, with but the meager income from his arduous labors on the Catholic German-language daily, carried the burden and responsibility of these multiple undertakings in the Catholic cause, without any financial compensation. There was no money for him in the treasury and the work had to be done. He did it. In 1920 he finally passed over, on full time, to the Central Bureau. Yet in every way the Lord has blessed his endeavors, and the Church has taken cognizance of his services, making him in 1912 a Knight of St. Gregory, in 1926 a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher, and now bestowing on him, through one of her great American institutions of learning, the Laetare Medal.

In appraising the character and work of Mr. Kenkel—whose modesty I have embarrassed for the good his example may do—I need but say that he is a man after the heart of Ozanam and Ketteler. Like these two greatest of all our Catholic social leaders of the past, he saw in Catholic social work the most important field of Catholic apologetics. In vain can we expect the workers and the poor to turn to the Church unless we show a practical interest in them, materially as well as spiritually. Christ went about healing the bodies no less than the souls of men. First bread, then religion.

There is one fact we must not ignore in seeking duly to evaluate the service rendered by Mr. Kenkel. Interest in social questions was practically unknown among Catholics in our country when first he raised his voice. Sociology

came into being only to be known as the "dismal science" while social studies were looked upon with serious suspicion. Amid such conditions it was that Mr. Kenkel, in clear, insistent and unflinching terms, urged priests and people to take to heart the overwhelming importance of Catholic social thought, Catholic social action, Catholic social organization, and lastly, Catholic social education. A handful of men sufficed him for an audience. "We must start with small beginnings," was his watchword, and he achieved great things. But in all and through all, the supreme motive animating him was: "For Christ and His Church!" May his life be an inspiration to others!

With Scrip and Staff

ON the eve of his departure from Germany—we learn from the Central Bureau of the Central Verein—Cardinal Pacelli, the new Papal Secretary of State, composed what may be called the Magna Charta of the Catholic press. Among other things he declared:

The press is an educator, of the first rank, of society and the people, in a good or an evil sense. Its power is shared by the Catholic press. The latter's sphere of influence are the countless millions who turn to their Catholic paper, convinced, or at least desirous, of finding in it the entirety of life clarified and judged from the standpoint of the Catholic faith.

The standpoint of Faith determines the individuality of the Catholic press. In the shoreless, storm-harrowed ocean of the press of the world and its varied philosophies of life, . . . the Catholic press should stand as a seer and prophet. . . .

Out of these two given conditions a two-fold task arises for the Catholic press as such; that of setting in order and that of shaping.

A vision of the possibilities of the Catholic press was offered by his development of the foregoing idea, the "principle of order":

The Catholic press has the task of setting in order. The God-given formula of her principle of order, the Catholic principle of order in general, has been expressed by St. Paul in words of granite: "All are yours; and you are Christ's: and Christ is God's" (I Cor., iii, 22-23). God is the only absolute reality in the Catholic scale of values. The Catholic press must measure the world and life by His eternal thoughts, His will, His law, His revelation, as He communicates them to us through His Church. . . .

The Catholic paper is subject to this sovereign principle of order throughout: not only the articles treating of religious and cultural topics; its policy and politics as well, its reviews of art and literature, its theater and film censorship; the columns, too, that are devoted to sport; and its advertisements as well.

Within the scope of the principle of order, proclaimed by the Saviour, the Catholic press should devote itself wholeheartedly to the task of shaping opinions and affairs. "All are yours!" God has granted us the natural and the supernatural, in order that we may from them fashion Catholic culture, corresponding to conditions prevailing at any given time, and, moreover, perfect Catholic men. Precisely the Catholic press has been called to cooperate in this process of shaping mankind and the affairs of men.

In conclusion, Cardinal Pacelli emphasized the task of the Catholic press of training Catholic leaders.

THE importance of the Catholic press in this country is brought home to us by the valuable enterprise set on foot by Francis Emmet Fitzgerald, the Librarian of St. Thomas' College, Scranton, Pa., the *Index of Catholic Periodical Literature*. This index is for Catholic maga-

zines what the *Reader's Guide* is for other publications. Sponsored by the Library Section of the Catholic Educational Association, it has the support of the whole association. It is making the material appearing in Catholic magazines easily available to everyone. The first number of the "Index," which is just out, shows that it is carried out with the thoroughness and the identical methods of the H. W. Wilson Company's *Reader's Guide*. Forty American and foreign Catholic periodicals are indexed.

In line with this Catholic periodical index is the plan adopted for the year 1930 by the students of St. Francis Seminary, Loretto, Pa., who each year prepare a Year Book, the *Mariale*, devoted to some one topic of current interest. They announce:

In 1926, for example, the subject was "Father Gallitzin, the Prince Priest of the Alleghenies," and this year-book is still regarded as a distinctive contribution to the history of the distinguished missionary and his times. In 1927, we wrote of "Christ the King," in 1928, "The Church of Christ," and last year, under the general title of "The Church and the State," we were among the first to publish a book in which the recent Vatican Treaty and Concordat were reprinted and discussed. This year, the seminarians have decided to lend their efforts to the spread of Catholic reading.

"Catholic Authors in Modern Literature" will be dealt with in 1930, covering, with brief life-sketch, discussion and a bibliography, over 250 authors of 1880-1930.

BY vote of the pastors of Denver, Colo., and several of the parishes adjoining, an entirely new subscription plan was adopted for the *Denver Catholic Register*.

The practice of sending collectors around to the homes of the people will be abandoned. Once a year in each parish there will be a Catholic Press Sunday, when the people will be given the opportunity of contributing towards the subscription upkeep of the paper. If any cannot give or do not care to, nevertheless their names will not be taken off our mailing lists. In other words, subscription giving will be on an entirely voluntary basis. The sending out of the paper will be like the parish works of the Church—free to those who cannot aid. The annual collection will be an envelope affair.

An interesting and valuable method of stimulating appreciation of Catholic literature was set on foot last Fall by the Catholic Women's League of Des Moines. During National Book Review Week a display of all obtainable Catholic periodicals was made at the club rooms of the League, at the conclusion of which the magazines were forwarded to St. Joseph's Academy, whence they were mailed elsewhere.

THE good that can be accomplished by remailing activities is brought home by a unique appeal from Mr. K. A. Paul, of Ernakulam, South India, who edits *The Voice of Truth*, a weekly of fifty-three years standing, the *Little Flower*, and the *Sacred Heart Messenger*, three Catholic periodicals of wide circulation in Malabar, India. Mr. Paul represents the inroads of "isms" like Atheism, Agnosticism, Rationalism, and Communism amongst the Catholic population of Malabar, being propagated by Hindu leaders. He writes:

Further, they are in busy correspondence with their friends and sympathizers in the West, who supply them gratis with big con-

signments of publications, of Rationalistic and Bolshevik dye from Europe and America. These editors command, also, the warm support and hearty cooperation of a few anti-Catholic nominal Christians who, too, champion the same mad cause. All those destructive forces have now been combined to wage a war against the Catholic Church in Malabar. Their papers are already commanding wide circulation.

Mr. Paul's appeal is not for money, but for help in the battle of the pen:

Our requirements are therefore, modern and up-to-date publications in the shape of books, pamphlets and other Catholic periodicals. A complete set of Church history, apologetic books, pamphlets and other modern treatises criticising atheistic, rationalistic, Protestant and Bolshevik pretensions are indispensable for this crusade in Malabar. Your efficient periodicals, as *AMERICA*, *Catholic Mind* and *Thought* also will be of immense help. All the available old issues of *Catholic Mind* and *Thought* are earnestly solicited. Address: Mr. K. A. Paul, Ernakulam, South India.

He also requests whatever help can be afforded by Catholic publishers or other benefactors in this line. Mr. Paul's request is warmly endorsed as particularly deserving by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Verapoly.

WHEN we learn of the incredible circulation of sensational periodicals, the task of Catholic periodical circulation seems a little discouraging. Some of the figures as recently given by Mr. Villard in the *Nation* are: *Movie Weekly* (440,000 copies printed monthly); *True Romances* (650,000 copies sold monthly); *Dream World* (200,000); *Fiction Lovers* (175,000); *Dance Lovers* (85,000); *Radio Stories* (125,000); *True Detective Mysteries* (150,000); *Modern Marriage* (150,000).

Nevertheless, every Goliath has his David. Similar Goliaths are found in European countries, notably in Austria, where the dominating Socialist urban majority has practically swamped the country with sensational secular papers. Nevertheless, we learn from the N. C. W. C. News Service of a Vienna Catholic tabloid:

Catholic organizations in most of the European countries had for a long time been seeking a way in which to counteract the dangerous effects of sensational secular newspapers, which are so well adapted to mass circulation.

The problem then was the establishment of a Catholic newspaper—a daily paper guided by the principle that "news is generally more important than views," but, at the same time, presenting the news in a light tallying with the Catholic view of life.

Austrian Catholics undertook to create such a newspaper for the masses, and the *Kleines Volksblatt* proved to be the first visible act of Catholic Action in Austria.

THE PILGRIM.

THE CROSS

So heavy and so fraught with pain,
But I must bravely trudge along
The dusty way . . . nor dare arraign
My cross.

I have no voice to lift in song;
When sorrows recompense I feign
The muffled notes of grief remain.

And yet He prayed for strength to drain
The bitter dregs and bear the thong.
His kingly soul did not disdain
The cross.

SHIRLEY DILLON WAITE.

Literature

Humanism Is Against

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

AS was pointed out by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., in the last issue of this Review, there are Humanists, humanists, Barnes and Potter humanists, Unitarian humanists, naturalistic humanists and many other groups who like the name but do not deserve it. The Humanists to whom he assigned the capital letter were those who bore a spiritual affinity to Irving Babbitt, the Harvard agnostic, Paul Elmer More, the Princetonian who finds the need of a religious affiliation, and Norman Foerster, whose symposium, "Humanism and America," has had much the same effect on the literary warfare of the past few years as the American Marines had on the fortunes of the World War when they scrambled into France.

What this Humanism is in itself and whither it tends will be the subject of two discussions by Father Robert A. Parsons, S.J., and Father John LaFarge, S.J., in subsequent articles in this series. The former will coordinate the affirmations which diverse Humanists have made as to their attitudes, opinions, postulates and conclusions. Since the movement has not yet been integrated, since it has a multitudinous array of ribbons fluttering from its core, the article on the affirmations of Humanism will be quite as difficult to compose as that of Father LaFarge, who will note the steps that the Humanists have missed in their development and will call their attention to the steps that they must take if they are to reach the goal of their movement. My own gentle efforts are directed towards clarifying the Humanist position by enumerating some few aspects of the contemporary chaos that the Humanists dislike as savagely as I detest them.

Though Humanism may well be praised for only some of its affirmations, it can be applauded for most of its negations. The Humanists recognize the weeds that are unsightly and noxious, and uproot them, with more certainty than they visualize, and plant, the flowers that should replace the weeds. It is through their negations, I suspect, that they have roused the choler of the Twentarians, those post-war oracles of literature who have led the world astray. "The negativeness of this program (the Humanistic) is rather appalling," says Henry Seidel Canby, who cries out against the Humanists because they do not agree with his humanism. "It is a very porcupine hunched up against our familiar world."

The Humanists are against the little olympians of the past decade or two. And these, in turn, have hurled thunderbolts as futile as any that Jove ever dispatched against those who told him he was a myth. With a childish petulance, the *New Republic* group huddles together at the end of a short letter and shouts in unison: "We would be glad to know of a contemporary work of art either produced by an American Humanist or encouraged or approved by one." Edmund Wilson, one of those who would be glad to know, proves that Humanism is to be condemned by lecturing Professor Babbitt on his Greek and by correcting his manners. Mr. Wilson, for land's

sakes, demands decorousness and urbanity in writing. Malcolm Cowley, another who would be glad to know, with the air of one holding a program in his hand, settles the Humanists by asking: "Has Babbitt any social program?" He discredits them in the eyes of all his Twentarians when he "refers" to their "profound belief in chastity, a belief which forms no part of their official theories, which is revealed only in their practice of criticism, and yet which is so fundamental that it distorts the moral, the social and especially the literary judgments of the American Humanists."

Such complaints as these are instanced merely to indicate the class of those whom the Humanists have negated. The Humanists do not subscribe to the omniscience of the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, or the *American Mercury*. For example, the Humanist who writes the "Chronicle and Comment" department of the *Bookman* (January, 1930) avers that the esteemed Mr. Mencken's audience has dwindled to those who first acclaimed him: "the backgroundless, the disinherited, the pathological; first generation immigrants, unhappy college boys, paranoiac newspaper reporters, intellectual bohemians." He foretells that Mr. Mencken "will end as he began, handy man on a provincial newspaper, shocking the quiet citizens of a quiet old city."

As Mr. Mencken is toppled over by the Humanists, so, too, is Theodore Dreiser, and James Branch Cabell, and Dos Passos with "his explosion in a cesspool." The black line is drawn by the Humanists over the name of James Joyce and his "stream of consciousness" theory, over the "transitionists," over Watson and the Behaviorists. It stretches back against the science-and-democracy prophecies of Walt Whitman, against Huxley's "specious mischief," back even against Rousseau. Were this list of those whom Humanism proscribes drawn up in its entirety, it would read remarkably like a list of bad influences which an intelligent Catholic would prepare.

"The modern temper has produced a terrible headache," Norman Foerster asserts. To men of good will and common sense, this assertion does not sparkle with originality. But it has shocked the arrogance of those self-constituted leaders who have produced the headache. This modernism in which we live, these Twentarians have told us, is the only modernism that has ever been civilized; our age has ended the dark ages in which the world has always been plunged. This belief has been asserted so vehemently, that it has been taken as a dogma by the Modernists. But the Humanists are against this modern world, such as the present generation of Modernists have shaped it. They trace its headache partially back to the fact that Modernism has been foolish enough to reject the wisdom of the past ages, that it has cut itself off from an anchoring tradition in art and life and has gone careening into shallow seas and exitless harbors. The Humanists scorn that scorn which the Modernists have for the humanistic culture of former generations.

The Modernists, whose sway is passing, have professed a theory of Naturalism that has reduced man to the tiniest dimensions. They have assumed that there is a single law for all things, man included, and that that law is animal-

istic. The primitive instincts in their full expression are the highest rule of conduct, and restraints on these instincts are contrary to the law. Conventions must not curb the emotions, decencies must not damper originality and creativeness, morality, if it exists, must not be thought of in relation to art or literature. Against such monism, Humanism asserts a principle of dualism. While not stressing the supernatural, it demands a super-nature in man. It is dualistic in the sense that it discovers a law for man and a law for that which is below man. Its technical dualism, however, comes from its profession of two principles in man, the higher immediacy and the lower immediacy; the higher exercises a vital control over the lower, namely, "the merely temperamental man with his impressions and emotions and expansive desires."

Thus, Humanism is opposed to those who profess no law of measure, who admire reckless exuberance, untamed individualism, uncontrolled impulses, primitive desires, passionate personality and the like. It stands against the deification of the animal principle in man, the submergence of intellect and will to the lower cravings. Being hostile to determinism, behaviorism, and much of the modern psychology, it condemns irresponsibility and that irrationality that has become the modern credo. And following Naturalism to its logical conclusion, the Humanists deplore the futility, the frustration, the uselessness of all things in which the Naturalists are content to remain and of which they are proud.

Concomitant with this Naturalism, the trend of the modern world has been towards Materialism and Utilitarianism. The great foe of Humanism in this age, says Norman Foerster, is "thisworldliness, obsession with physical things and the instincts that bind us to the animal order—in a word, the many forms of naturism that have all but destroyed humane insight, discipline and elevation." The Humanists have found our modernism sodden with matter. And the agent most responsible is science, which has emphasized the material as against the spiritual. "For legitimate science," Paul Elmer More states, "one may have the highest respect. But to scientific absolutism, masquerading as religion, one may say justly and truly what was said so unjustly and cruelly to Keats: Back to your gallipots!"

While the Humanists readily admit that science leads to power and security, they do not swear allegiance to its overlordship in all life. They object to the invasion by science of the subjective world, though admitting the validity of science in the objective departments. Science cannot be applied to thought and will as it can to forces and metals in the earth; science cannot treat man merely as a physico-chemical machine. Speaking of one class of scientists, Chesterton protests: "They herd us like the beasts along lines of heredity or tribal doom." Humanism, then, ranges itself against a mechanistic philosophy, and against that science which strikes out at the Creator and the Supreme Intellect as well as at the dignity and the humanity of man. "The false pretensions of science must be wholly abandoned," is a Humanist negation.

The negations of Humanism are the beginnings of wisdom. Their affirmations will be its completion in the

new world into which we are entering, if those affirmations approach to Catholicism, as they should. The Humanists have looked back to the wisdom of the past and have re-read the traditions of the race; they have compared the culture, or lack of it, that goes by the name of Modern with that which was once modern, and have found in the contemporary world a distortion of values and a perversion of outlook. They protest against the "general decay of standards and the resultant chaos in which our intellectual and moral life has been plunged."

This chaos against which they are reacting, is the resultant of scepticism, of social anarchy, of moral revolt. They are against the assumption that truth is a relative, a mutable and a fickle thing. They are against the debasement of man's higher powers and aspirations to a physical necessity, and of man himself to an animalistic level. They are against the deterministic fixation of will that repudiates ethics and morality and affirms irresponsibility and leads to frustration and a philosophy of futility. They are against that mechanistic and utilitarian materialism which clogs the mind and glues down the will. They are against the ugliness, the vulgarity, the grotesqueness that has blighted our painting and sculpture and music and literature and architecture, no less than our useful arts. The Humanists have not yet realized that they must include God and the true supernatural in their program; but they have set themselves against those elements in modern life which are out of harmony with God and the supernatural. They have become aware that the world is off its balance, and they cry out against it. Their cry is that of man raising himself above the brute. If they are to be true to themselves, their cry must be that of a man aspiring to raise himself to God.

REVIEWS

The Growth and Decadence of Constitutional Government.

By J. ALLEN SMITH. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.

The late Professor J. Allen Smith was prominent as an intellectual leader of the Progressive movement, especially between the years 1903 and 1917. It has been claimed that the chief contribution of that movement was to point out the essentially undemocratic nature of the Federal Constitution. With the close interweaving of economics and politics, government seemed to many liberals as the mouthpiece and agent of the property interests. Especially was this the case, they contended, with the judicial exercise of sovereign powers setting aside successive legislative enactments such as the Federal Income Tax Law. This explains the Progressive proposal to democratize the Constitution by the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum and the recall. These measures were espoused by Professor Smith in "The Spirit of American Government" and marked him as an open enemy of the checks and balance theory of the Constitution. His views aroused a storm of criticism, which it is the aim of the present volume to refute. He attacks the problem historically. After an analysis of theological speculation prior to Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau (which displays profound ignorance of the abler expositions of Suarez and Bellarmine), Professor Smith notes the difference between the Declaration and the Constitution, describes the struggle for democratic suffrage and shows the origin of both the judicial veto and the constitution-interpreting power. In these latter developments the author reads the doom of democratic control. The courts, by depriving the State governments of the power to enact much urgently needed legislation, have compelled the people to look to the general government for relief. Centralization of political control in the hands of the general government is the

result. This, contends Professor Smith, endangers individual liberty by placing all authority in those governmental organs farthest removed from the people and the most easily subjected to political manipulation. A highly centralized economic system naturally favors this arrangement. How Professor Smith would avoid these evils by installing the "tyranny of the majority" is hard to understand. His inadequate view of natural law and natural rights as checks on governmental authority account for this swing from Scylla to Charybdis. His idea of the social contract is equally erroneous. Nor will he get many to agree that the Church has acquiesced in social, political, and economic inequalities, at least not where inequality meant injustice. The whole book goes to prove how many flashes of genuine inspiration are granted a sincere liberal without enabling him to coordinate his aspirations into a satisfying, definite philosophy of life. Otherwise he would not associate his deep veneration for the natural law with a savage attack on the Supreme Court, strong citadel of minority rights which neither oriental despots nor popular majorities are empowered to withdraw or diminish.

J. F. T.

A History of the Catholic Church in Jamaica, B. W. I. 1494 to 1929. By FRANCIS X. DELANY, S.J. New York: Jesuit Mission Press. \$2.50.

The first book from the Jesuit Mission Press appropriately is the record of the progress of the Church in Jamaica, B. W. I. The author saw several years' service there as a missionary and later was the Superior of the Mission. He, therefore, had excellent first-hand knowledge of his subject and has dealt with it in a most satisfactory manner, losing no chance to impress on his readers the full value of the activities of the zealous priests and Sisters who have labored in this American annex in the British possessions. The island has been under British rule since Cromwell's time and the majority of its 950,000 inhabitants are of the Negro race. After the English took the island from its Spanish discoverers they gave "liberty of conscience to all persons except Papists." Freedom of worship was thus practically suspended until 1792, when an Irish Franciscan Friar, Father Anthony Quigly, was allowed to begin his ministrations and carried them on with fruitful success until his death in 1799. In 1837 a Vicar Apostolic for the island was appointed, and, at the insistence of the Holy Father, two Jesuit missionaries were sent there. In 1852 the mission came under the direct administration of the Society of Jesus and has since so continued. The first Bishop of the Vicariate was chosen from the English Province in 1889, but in 1894 the charge was transferred to the Maryland-New York jurisdiction and then, in January, 1929, it became dependent on the recently organized New England Province. So many well-known American Jesuits have been members of the mission band stationed in Jamaica that a sympathetic and practical interest has been kept up here to aid them in their efforts in spreading the Faith.

T. F. M.

General Ethics. By JOSEPH F. SULLIVAN, S.J. Worcester, Massachusetts: Holy Cross College Press. \$2.00.

Individual Ethics: Social Ethics. By JOSEPH F. SULLIVAN, S.J. Worcester, Massachusetts: Holy Cross College Press. \$2.00.

It is well that the author is making these volumes, published originally as a digest of lectures for students of philosophy at Holy Cross College, accessible to a larger reading public. When interest in ethical problems is especially keen and the Catholic position regarding them is being constantly inquired into, such volumes as these make an unusually timely contribution to our scanty Catholic English bibliography on ethics. The strict syllogistic form in which Father Sullivan has worded the proofs which establish various propositions will make his treatise welcome not only to students in the classroom who must prepare themselves for examination, but for that larger group of inquirers who have not enjoyed the privilege of a formal course in scholastic philosophy and yet would wish to see clearly the logic and sequence of the scholastic ethical system. The "General Ethics" includes in its treatment such intriguing topics as the binding

force of civil laws; the question of the right to rebel against unjust laws; the much misunderstood doctrine of probabilism; the objectivity of moral good and evil; the existence of a natural law; the force of penal laws; the end-justifies-the-means principle, etc. In the volume on individual and social ethics such subjects are dealt with as the right of private ownership; the living-wage right; Socialism; civil and domestic society; the obligation of public worship; the doctrine of self-defense; the philosophy of legitimate warfare; rights in education; the objective evil of dueling, lying, etc. The various formal theses are supplemented by discussions of contemporary popular questions, such as the use of mental reservations; strikes; birth control; divorce; relations of Church and State; capital punishment; sterilization; internationalism, etc. Anti-Scholastic theories are stated and their fallacies indicated. The discussions are further helped by illustrative cases and reading references. The volume suffers, however, from the lack of any reference index.

W. I. L.

Miracle in History and in Modern Thought. By C. J. WRIGHT. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$4.00.

This book, as indicated by its very title, is a volume of some value to the student engaged in the study of religion. Within its pages is gathered a most imposing array of descriptive definitions of miracle taken from Catholic, Protestant and pagan sources and subjected to a close examination by the keen mind of the author. For his industry and painstaking care in selection and arrangement the author is to be complimented. With many of his deductions, however, we can by no means agree. He asserts that the purpose of miracle is not *evidential*, namely, not in proof of some doctrine or revealed truth. He rejects as *immoral* the claim of Cardinal Newman that God could perform a miracle through the instrumentality of a *bad man*. To science he assigns the duty of describing facts, dates, events; and to philosophy the function of *interpreting* such data. Man, he asserts, makes tradition. Hence, he says: "The true 'supernaturalness' of tradition will be seen to consist neither in a specific 'mode' nor in a static 'depositum.'" Hence too, dogma is not "*absolutely authoritative*," though it is a thing of vast temporary value. With St. Augustine also, Mr. Wright takes issue, claiming that his (St. Augustine's) statement is delusive, "for he goes on to fit 'miracles' into the unbridgeable gaps of our scientific knowledge of Nature." That this book is interesting cannot be doubted; that it has worth of a peculiar—mostly negative—sort is equally sure; but unfortunately it labors under the very error of which the writer accuses St. Augustine; it is delusive, it is unsafe.

M. J. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Helps for the Priest.—A long-felt need for the ascetical library is supplied by "The Ideal of the Priesthood" (Herder. \$2.25), by Ferdinand Ehrenborg, S.J., in which the great calling is shown forth in the trials and activities of John Coassini, who achieved this ideal. This account will be an inspiration to the young seminarian, an incentive to greater striving for the priest engaged in active duty, and a deep consolation for those who have spent years of labor in a zealous apostolate. Written in an easy, interesting style, freed from burdensome quotations, notes and resolutions, the book will have a practical appeal in its diary of difficulties, hopes and aspirations common to all who strive after the ideal. It is indeed "a spiritual souvenir for all, an exhortation to the devout life, made interesting by the presentation of an inspiring and eminently practical example."

Whether or not clerical tyros discover a picture of themselves in "Old St. Mary's New Assistant" (Benziger. \$2.00), by the Rev. Joseph Young, does not matter; they, as well as others of the clergy, will surely find a light, refreshing story of a priest's first year in the ministry. Diffident, inexperienced and zealous, young Father Martin falls into all the mistakes of the average beginner, yet under the guidance of a wise old pastor soon rounds out into a capable, efficient assistant. A classmate, Father "Lem," appears as the irrepressible, incurable casuist; positively everything suggests a case of conscience to him. Their experiences, both

humorous and pathetic, are related in a lively manner. The dialogue is decidedly natural. The book shows writing power that might be kept in operation.

For many years priests and Religious have been looking for a Breviary that would be not only complete and convenient, but also light in weight, small in bulk, and with clear, untransparent print. These requirements have been fully realized in the new Ratisbon Breviary in 18mo. size edited by the Frederick Pustet Company. The use of India Oxford paper helps to lighten the weight, the arrangement of the Rubrics and the Ordinarium in separate folia reduces each volume to less than an inch in thickness, the insertion of the recently issued offices makes for completeness, and the arrangement in general, after a careful test, proves to be most convenient and practical, especially for those who have become familiar with the prayers of the Divine Office. The prices range from \$24.00 to \$39.00 a set. This new edition is ideal for traveling. It should solve a problem for those who contemplate a gift for their pastor or for the seminarian who is approaching Ordination.

Young Readers and Writers.—The expert services of a number of educators have been enlisted in the production of the latest series of the beautifully illustrated little books published by the American Book Company for the "Fact and Fancy Story Readers" (60 cents each) and the "Do and Learn Readers" (40 cents each). Two numbers have been prepared in each series, and they impart to the young pupils for whose instruction they are intended a wealth of information in a most interesting fashion. The attractive illustrations are all done in four colors. "Nature Study: Book Two" (80 cents), by John H. Gehrs, explains the order, system, and adaptations in nature as they are found in the elementary forms of life and introduces the young student to a knowledge of the relationship of nature to the economic welfare of the world.

The revival of interest in the art of spelling and its consequent reintroduction to the class room in many schools will make the "Modern Methods Speller" (Silver, Burdett. 56 cents) a very welcome text. George C. Kyte has brought to the making of this book a wide knowledge of methods and the results of research to determine the words that were written frequently by both adults and children, or written so frequently by adults that the child's knowledge of them is necessary, or finally, written so frequently by children that their mastery is economically and educationally sound. The lessons are accurately graded, recalled with drills and reviews, and presented with a method of persistence that makes it almost impossible to fail.

Progressing from spelling to composition, the three books called "Essential Language Habits" (Silver, Burdett and Company) attract attention, first by the impressive list of educators who have collaborated for this new edition; secondly, by the illustrations in color and in black and white; then by the variety of selections in prose and verse; and finally by the clearness of presentation, soundness of method, and thoroughness of exercise and drill.

Varia.—For the field of religion G. H. Box offers a study in Judaism in its relations first to Hellenism and then to early Christianity under the title "Early Christianity and Its Rivals" (New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith). The author places the causes for the supremacy of both Judaism and Christianity over the ancient paganism in their moral tenets, though he is far from satisfactorily accounting for the stronghold early Christianity achieved which is only explicable in the light of its Divine institution.

"La Tradition mystique du Carmel," (Bruges, Paris: Desclée, De Brouwer), by P. F. Jérôme de la Mère de Dieu, C. D. is a document in the contemporary discussions of mysticism. The author examines the continuity of a tradition which places the primary aspiration and end of Carmel in the tending to infused mystical contemplation. St. Teresa thus appears as the restorer of an old tradition rather than as the founder of a new one. The same vista of spiritual advancement is marked out for the laity associated with Carmel, and indeed for souls at large. The theology of the author here joins that of Père Garrigou-Lagrange.

The Night Club Mystery. If It Takes All Summer. Piccadilly Jim. Mr. Goldberg's Party. Crowd Your Luck on Death. The Mystery of the Butcher's Shop.

Barry Cabot was not a naughty young man in any sense. Nor yet, in any sense was he effeminate. He belonged to that tradition of respectability and conventionality that is associated with the old-type New Englander. He lived an orderly life and he would so act that he would one day be an esteemed bank president. The irony of what happened to him is delightfully told by Elizabeth Jordan in her latest romance, "The Night Club Mystery" (Century. \$2.00). In his boyhood, Barry was taken fishing by a stranger who became the ideal of his life. And one of his playmates was Janet Perry. He lost contact with both of them, until he obtained a position in a New York bank. Then, they slid back into his consciousness in an alarming degree. The upright young man was drawn into a Night Club, where a murder was committed almost in his presence. This murder unfolded the deaths of the underworld to Barry's eyes. And through its ramifications he learned a great deal about thugs, crimes and prisons that a nice young man never suspects. But he also found that love, loyalty and sacrifice are nobler than a self-seeking decorum. Barry and Janet and her father come through the ordeal magnificently. Miss Jordan has written a book of fresh and invigorating entertainment, with fine complications in it and a well-defined set of characters. The Dramatic Critic of AMERICA again shows that she has a creative, no less than a critical ability.

The tragic story of General Grant has been told only in part in the memoirs of this reticent leader who never seemed to learn how to distinguish between true friends and the wolves with clever disguise. Elizabeth Corbett in "If It Takes All Summer" (Stokes. \$2.50), undertakes to fill in the picture with colorful scraps of conversation from those whose lives touched the life of General Grant. In quick moving scenes and with crisp, lively citation, she builds the great and touching drama of one who suffered much from misunderstanding. At times the author draws upon her imagination, but the general characterizations are so true that one easily detects the slightest departure. On the whole the story is so interestingly told that the reader finds its three hundred pages all too few.

As an example of how far P. G. Wodehouse has progressed in fourteen years, "Piccadilly Jim" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00), first published in 1916, is excellent. It is funny, but Mr. Wodehouse has since found his true gold mine in Jeeves and his master. His Americans do not ring true to humor; Mr. Wodehouse gets better results when he loves his characters while making fun of them.

The Vicomte Alain de Léché takes an occasion to spoof the great American public, and the readers of his book likewise, in "Mr. Goldberg's Party" (Carrier. \$2.00). He accompanies a money-swollen American back to this country in that gentleman's effort to have himself named Ambassador to France after a visitor to Mme. Pharaon, the great woman-behind-the-scenes of French politics. The Madame goes with them and has many adventures. The illustrations, by Maurice van Moppès, at first sight unskilful, are admirable.

Literary conventions are thrown to the winds in "Crowd Your Luck on Death" (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50) by Harry Kapustin. Eleven cross sections of the cruder side of human life are portrayed with tabloid brevity. While the narrative may be of some advantage to the student of sociology, the language employed would probably cause a riot in a little red school house.

There are two themes developed in "The Mystery of a Butcher's Shop" (Dial. \$2.00), by Gladys Mitchell. The book is both an idyl and a tale of baffling crime. Parts of a human body are found hanging from the hooks of a butcher's shop. The head is missing. An ancient altar in a one time sacred grove is stained with blood. These are the initial facts, and, it may be said in passing, almost all the facts. Investigation only serves to deepen the mystery. Yet it is solved, not indeed by a professional sleuth, but by the uncanny sixth sense of a somewhat antique daughter of Eve. As a constructive criticism it seems proper to suggest the rustic details introduced throughout the narrative interfere with the even flow of the plot and are not conducive to patient perusal.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Solving the Personal Equation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Wide publicity should be given the comments of The Pilgrim, in the issue of AMERICA for March 22, on the unique solvents for parish troubles offered by Father Lord at the Diocesan Sodality Convention, held in Brooklyn early in March. The "instructive booklet" of Father Lord, whatever may be its title ["A B C of Sodality Organization." Queen's Work Press, St. Louis.—Ed.], merits a place for distribution in the vestibule of every parish church.

The Pilgrim rendered a real service to the lay readers of AMERICA when he gave us Father Lord's "hydrona" as a solvent "for the sticky places which gum the works of Catholic life." Not that "personal responsibility" as the unique solvent was unknown, at least by a few in every parish who also practised it, but that it seems to have been unheard of by the many.

Imbued with this sense of "personal responsibility," the laymen in any parish will correctly answer for himself the various questions proposed by Father Lord, questions which can be ironed out in no other way, and, if not answered in this way, will go unsolved and thus retard the progress of parish activities and the growth of Catholic Action.

Many a good, loyal Catholic layman has been turned aside from participation in Catholic Action, because he was not imbued with the sense of "personal responsibility" in passing over the "sticky places" sometimes encountered.

Father Lord and The Pilgrim will remain in our debt for this, that in providing us with the idea of "personal responsibility" as the universal solvent for all the crusty, dusty places in our Catholic life, they have with the sure but deft probe of the surgeon touched on one of the causes for apathy among Catholic laymen towards Catholic Action, namely, the lack of the sense of "personal responsibility."

Chicago.

FELLOW-PILGRIM.

For a Program for Boy Work

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with absorbing interest the article written by Father Blakely, in the issue of AMERICA for February 22, entitled "'Claim to be Catholics' in Jail."

I have been engaged in boy work, as a volunteer worker for the past twelve years, and I think that, if the churches in this country would unite in the following program, they would find it a deterrent to the commission of crime among our young Catholic boys.

These recommendations are made for parishes that have a suitable place for parish activities.

1. Provide a cheerful-looking room for parish activities, where the various organizations can hold their weekly meetings undisturbed.

2. Engage a part-time trained social-service worker, who will have entire charge of the activities in the parish.

3. Organize for the boys between twelve and sixteen years of age, units such as Catholic Boys' Brigade, Boy Scouts, Naval Battalion, etc.

4. Organize a Men's Club for the older boys of the parish.

5. Through membership in these various organizations keep in personal touch with the boys, and arrange your activities so that the boys may go in a body to Holy Communion once a month.

6. If the pastor of the church or an assistant can take a deep interest in the affairs of these different societies, even at considerable sacrifice of time, he can see to it that these different organizations are run properly.

7. If possible, take advantage of training courses offered by the above-mentioned organizations for boys, so that there will not be the handicap of having untrained leaders.

During my twelve years as a worker in the ranks of the Boy Scouts of America, I have come in close personal contact with over 4,000 boys, having organized myself or helped to start seven or eight troops, and out of that number none so far have become hardened criminals.

Recently I received a letter from Father Lane of the Elmira (N. Y.) Reformatory, and he volunteered the following statement, as to his opinion of the Boy Scout organization.

Before going to the Reformatory I was actively connected with the Boy Scouts of Rochester, and believe that there is no organization better equipped to take care of the youth of America.

I have often heard our Superintendent say, that out of 6,000 men committed to the Reformatory, less than ten have claimed membership in the Boy Scouts of America.

I have not the figures of the number of units, as regards Naval Battalions or Catholic Boys' Brigade, but I do know that there are only about 1,200 Catholic Boy Scout troops in this country at the present time.

If any pastor is desirous of starting a Boy Scout troop, I would respectfully suggest that he write to Mr. Ray O. Wyland, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. He is Director of Church Relations of that organization.

Permit me to commend Father Blakely for his foresight in bringing this important subject to the attention of your readers. Philadelphia.

RALPH J. SCHOETTLE.

Almsgiving and the Direct-Mail Appeal

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In articles and in communications in AMERICA, reference has been made to the annoyance caused recipients of broadcast charity appeals. May I, doubly a mendicant, dispel a possible prejudice against almsgiving created by ironical expressions of some of the writers?

For three years Christ lived on alms; St. Paul enjoined collections for the Christians of Jewry; mendicant Orders have been approved and defended by the Church. Now, if begging by word of mouth is allowed, why not by printed appeals? Slash—the envelope is opened; a glance tells the purport of the page; if the reader is not interested, flip—it goes into the waste basket. A slight annoyance of only a few seconds.

Other worthy causes also annoy, e.g., church collections, community drives and tag-days, even some business correspondence.

I admit that abuses creep into even the best works. If a charity appeal is coercive or importunate, it deserves condemnation; for it does harm to the cause of charity. . . .

As to securing names, I do not think any commercialized list is needed. Catholic donors themselves frequently give the names of generous friends to workers in the missions. This is only natural, for they often add that they feel privileged to contribute their mite to a worthy cause, and so they are glad to afford the same opportunity to others. . . .

In some parts of the West and South, Catholics are few and needy. Priests and Religious who work in such regions must procure means elsewhere, or leave numbers of children without the blessings of Catholic training and education. They need aid and encouragement. If it be too "annoying" to obtain it by circularizing wealthier parts of the country, will someone please tell me what other means they may employ?

Key West, Fla.

A. L. MAUREAU, S.J.

"Vignettes of a Convert"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Oh, please get more from Margart T. Bauer, or encourage her to write frequently in other periodicals. Her present contribution was the best poem you have had in months or years. Better, make that "or" an "and."

Florissant, Mo.

A. J. GARVY, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A true delight was "Vignettes of a Convert." AMERICA is taking another step forward in presenting such pieces, overflowing with thorough Catholicism. May we ask for more and more. . . .

Philadelphia.

LEO J. WASHILA.